JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1883

3D EVERY THURSDAY

THE MISSING PUNCH
By The EDITOR

WICKED WASTE IN CIVIL SERVICE

OUR MOST VITAL FRONT
By A.G.G.

I GO FURTHER WHEN YOU DRINK COCOA

You need to get the greatest goodness—the utmost nourishment—out of every drop of milk to-day. Here is the way to do it. When you use milk as a drink, remember cocoa helps the milk to do you even more good. Your doctor will tell you that cocoa is a food in itself. And you know how the children love it! If you want your milk and money to go further—your meals to be even more nourishing—remember BOURNVILLE.

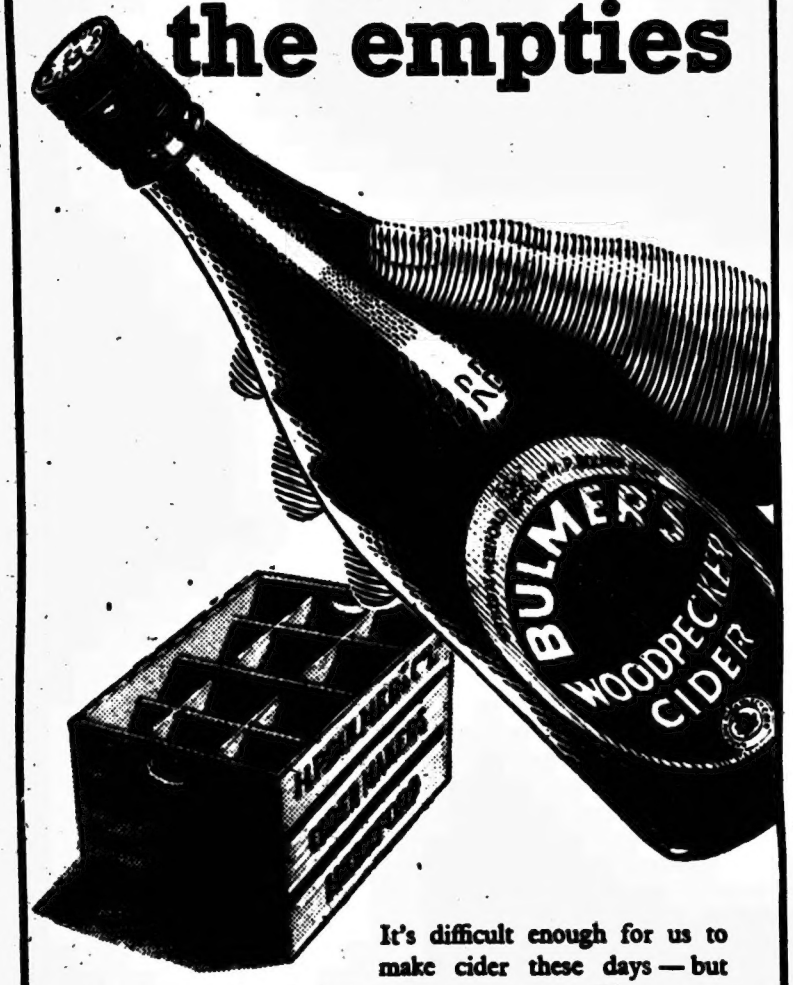
And, by the way, it keeps better in a tin

Make the most of your milk with BOURNVILLE COCOA

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

5D

Kindly return the empties



It's difficult enough for us to make cider these days — but another problem is how to get it to you. That means cases, bottles and stoppers—so return promptly stoppers and bottles to your Dealer. By helping him you help to maintain our supply to you.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

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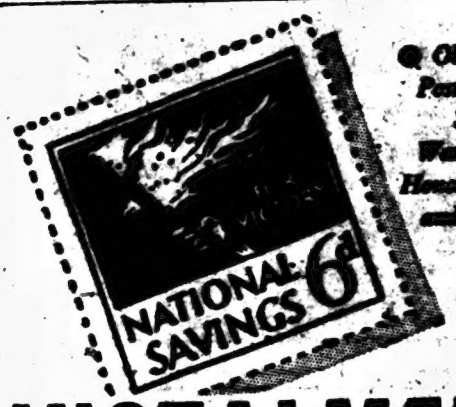


Obtainable from any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. War Savings Centres, Honorary Official Agents and Savings Groups.

INSTALMENT PLAN FOR SAVING

HERE'S an easy way to buy Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, or Trustee Bank Issue Savings Bonds and War Bonds. Regularly every week—more often if you can—buy from your Group Secretary, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank, the new 5/- Savings Stamps. In addition, whenever you're passing turn loose change into 6d. or 2/6d. stamps. You'll be amazed how quickly it mounts up. You can use the stamps in your book to buy any of the above securities, or to put by in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Start collecting Savings Stamps today. They'll be good for you and good for the Country.

6d. 2/6 5/- SAVINGS STAMPS

Issued by the NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

"It's a war-wedding present..."

explained Mrs. Jackson to her sister. "The price of an Acme in Savings Certificates!" It's simple for the young people nowadays—

you can't give them all you'd like to give them. Before the war, an Acme was a perfect wedding present—but you won't be able to buy another Acme while the war's on. Of course some day . . . and it will be all the sooner if more people follow Mrs. Jackson's bright idea!

Soap Rationing and the Care of the Skin

TWO-FACED GIRL

The girl's face was made up with ordinary soap that showed in the dark. Then the luminous soap-saving mustard discovered at the left was tested on another girl. On an ordinary skin, the other side with Lux Toilet Soap, in the dark was also showed some of the luminous mustard still left in many places. The other side, which had been massaged with Lux Toilet Soap, was absolutely clean, in spite of the very small amount of soap used.

What's the best way to economise over that other soap ration?

Well, here's a treatment discovered that will help to keep you fresh and young-looking—and spin out your soap coupons as well.

First, wring out your face flannel in hot water and hold it against your face for a few seconds. Meanwhile the hands and rub the Lux Toilet Soap quite lightly over them once or twice. Then, gently massage the whole face, working the hands upwards in small circles. Work from the chin to the forehead and take special care around the nose and cheeks. Rinse off the soap-cream first with hot water, finally splashing generously with cold water.

This treatment takes very little lather, and you'll agree, as is proved by the girl described at the right, Lux Toilet Soap is the better of Lux Toilet Soap to produce a very little of it will remove every trace of the dust and dirt underneath that, if left in the pores, spoils the skin, makes it greasy—and old-looking. . . So do as Hollywood film stars do and keep lovely with Lux Toilet Soap!

LUX TOILET SOAP

IVORY PRODUCT

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times it is vital your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know how that the richest source of this Nerve-giving Vitamin is your 'LIVE' Yeast.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B, than ½lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECT. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes: "I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/-, 2/4, 5/7 (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST . . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

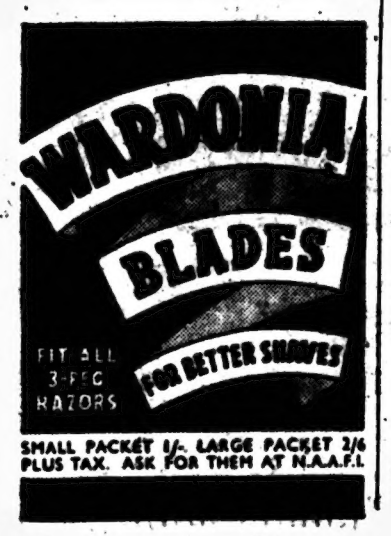
Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

MIX THE CHILDREN'S HORLICKS WITH WATER ONLY—THE MILK IS ALREADY IN IT

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious drink makes no demands on the milk supply.

The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to do so always, as your support will help us to maintain our present output. Thousands more litres of additional milk are urgently needed daily at present.



SMALL PACKET 1/-. LARGE PACKET 2/6 PLUS TAX. ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I.

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. And it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 1/2. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 18, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW IS THE TIME . . .

ONE battle does not make a war, and the battle for Egypt will not decide the fate of Hitlerism.

That will be settled here in Europe.

There is also the little matter of the war against Japan, which some people appear to have forgotten.

So Egypt needs to be seen in perspective against the vast background of the World Front.

Three per Cent.

Auchinleck is faced by three German panzer divisions. The Russians are fighting against a hundred.

The battle arena in Egypt lately has been an area of thirty miles by twenty. The Russian sector is 1,500 miles long and in some places a hundred miles deep. The Pacific sector describes an arc of three thousand miles.

Should we devote all our attention to Marshal Rommel and forget Marshal Stalin and General Tojo?

Before the Event

JOHN BULL does not belittle the gravity of the struggle in the desert. This journal was stressing the urgent need to make the Mediterranean safe when quite a lot of important people appeared to have forgotten it.

That was before the Germans marched into Libya—and before January, 1941, when the Germans marched into Italy to save her from collapse or British invasion!

Wide View

Certainly we must clean up Egypt and North Africa once and for all—to free our forces for other fronts.

Not to dissipate our forces at the enemy's behest. But to fight on battlefields of our own choice!

Vital Battles

Vast and imperative issues are in the balance.

The serious position in Russia. The Western Front we are determined to open. The terrific strain on our shipping. And the opportunities that await us in the Far East!

Far clearer direction from the centre, far better grip of the complicated situation, must be shown in dealing with these mighty problems.

Even the Government's supporters confess to dissatisfaction with the recent trend of events.

Act Now

But there is still time for the Government to make swift changes that would restore the ground we have lost.

Now is the moment to stiffen our war effort, to take the enemy by surprise and turn reverses into advances!

Fatuous Folly

To do so, the Government must shed its blinkers.

Let us have no more blithering blah such as that uttered by a Minister last week:

"The British forces are never defeated; sometimes they have setbacks, but finally they always win."

Such fatuous complacency has lost us many battles. It has lost us whole countries. It perpetuates the "muddling through" mentality that invites further losses.

U-Boat Peril

The public is not impressed by moonshine. It demands action, not words. It wants proof that the Government has learned from the sorry blunders of the past. It requires that our leaders should show less addiction to soothing syrup and a greater ability to think clearly and move boldly.

FIRST, THE U-BOAT CAMPAIGN MUST BE SMASHED.

Cinderella Grows Up

Coastal Command should be reinforced by long-range bombers and torpedo craft.

For a long time it was the Cinderella of the R.A.F. family. Then, when the Battle of the Atlantic became touch-and-go, it was given a few more bombers.

And, between them, Coastal Command and the Navy saved Britain!

Hush-Hush

Now the U-boat menace is again deadly. Not even the Government's secrecy concerning shipping can hide the alarming losses suffered by the United Nations at sea.

We must build more ships, yes. But also we must sink more submarines.

Therefore, Coastal Command must be greatly strengthened. It must be given all the craft it wants to finish the job!

Blast the Bases

And, until that job is done, Bomber Command must be directed against the U-boat bases.

The Bremen and Kiel raids were a fine start. But it will not be enough to send a thousand bombers over once a fortnight. A force should be sent to blast the submarine yards and works *every night* until they are put out of operation!

Transport Hold-up

We are notoriously short of transport planes. That shortage has hit the Army badly.

It urgently needs supplies for Libya that could be taken by our giant aircraft. It needs aircraft to take our wounded men back to base.

Errands of Mercy

The R.A.F. has always preferred to bring back wounded rather than travel empty, and it has saved many lives.

But it lacks transport planes!

More planes would mean that more wounded men could be carried back easily and quickly, away from the septic dust and torturing flies.

Use Them!

Old bombers could be used for that purpose.

We have the men to pilot them—the ex-Council schoolboys who made their names before the war as cargo pilots. They are longing to do a real job of work in this war.

Every airworthy plane, every qualified pilot in the Empire, should be kept busy.

London-Alexandria

Moreover, in the eight months it would take us to build a fleet of modern transport planes, we should adapt heavy bombers as long-range cargo planes.

They can make twenty 1,000-mile journeys in the time that a ship makes one!

Used for Egypt, they could fly above the range of enemy fighters and carry ten tons apiece of the heavy freight that Auchinleck so badly needs.

Experts Ignored

In the Army itself, swift and drastic changes are obviously needed.

There has been a shocking neglect "to keep up with the enemy." There has been an inexcusable failure to accept expert advice.

Tank-minded generals have been pushed into subordinate positions. Engineering experts have been left out in the cold.

Reorganise the Top

Army training has been revolutionised. Junior officers, N.C.O.s and men have been toughened; the nation is rightly proud of them.

But the process must be continued to the very top of the Army. It is there that reorganisation is most needed.

Technical experts should sit on the Army Council. "Tank generals" should assist in planning new campaigns. A combined general staff should weld the three Fighting Forces into one fighting unit.

Cutting the Cackle

War production—from Mr. Lyttelton down to the smallest manager—must be more receptive to new ideas.

Many workers have ideas well worth considering, and worth a lot more than official circumlocution.

Time the Enemy

Throughout industry, it must be realised that time is the chief enemy. The workers can help to defeat him.

But the Government must first allow the workers to make their voices heard.

All Change!

In brief, there must be a complete change in official policy and planning.

Our leaders have tried to win a fluid war by fixed methods. They have gone grimly on with set ideas when lost battles have proved those ideas to be out-of-date and futile.

Now is the Time!

It used to be said that the British were supreme at improvising whereas the Germans were mad about sticking-to-plan. In this war, the opposite has been true.

So intent has the Government been on adhering to plan that it has failed to see the wood for the trees—failed to see the World Front as a whole, failed to see the defects in our Home Front organisation.

But this war will be won only if we plan for every stage of the struggle and improvise quickly whenever one detail of the plan is upset.

Now is the time to show Britain's greatness.

(Continued overleaf)

PULL THEM UP!

● **The last of Hyde Park's miles of railings has been seized for the war effort.**

But the railings of Kensington Gardens, which cover an area just as big as Hyde Park, have been left untouched.

Why? Because Kensington Palace is in the middle of those gardens—though it has been empty for years.

A staff goes out every night to close the gates—gates that should not be there.

Again, why? Not because the Royal Family desires it.

The King has made it clear to officialdom that he and the Queen have no wish that the railings of Kensington Gardens shall be protected.

But toadies disregard those instructions.

The matter should not be allowed to rest there. It should be raised in Parliament.

DYING FOR LACK OF NURSES

● **Lord Davies declares that "men who have loyally served their country as soldiers, sailors and airmen are dying for lack of proper treatment in our hospitals and sanatoria."**

He says that in Wales alone 500 people, many of them ex-Servicemen, are awaiting admission into tuberculosis institutions.

The Minister of Health's retort is to hint at conscription of women for the nursing service.

Everything possible has been done, he assures us, to fill the vacancies by voluntary means.

Not everything, Mr. Brown!

Nursing conditions, though improved, are still unattractive—particularly in sanatoria, where the nursing shortage is most acute.

JOHN BULL has even told how girls of eighteen, tending tubercular patients, are themselves allowed no butter and work over-long hours.

What of ordinary hospitals? You can read many advertisements for probationers; wages, £60 a year. Side by side with them are advertisements for milk-bar waitresses; wages, £2 a week plus full board and two days' holiday a week.

Mr. Brown should make nursing something better than a sweated industry before he introduces compulsion-for-nurses.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BIG electrical transformers are taken by lorry from one side of Britain to a port on the other side.

They pass through several big towns. And everyone can read the instructions printed in large letters on the side of the crates:

"Deliver to Archangel or Murmansk." Recently the inscription was varied to "Deliver to Durban."

Deserting Mum

Any enemy agent in the towns en route would naturally and rightly assume that the lorry drivers were taking their loads straight to the docks.

They would also know that a convoy was due to sail for Russia or South Africa.

What a pity the Government does not follow the behest of its own posters and start Keeping Mum!

Facing-both-ways

And what a pity the Government seems incapable of knowing its own mind for more than an hour at a time!

In one breath it urges you to avoid travel and urges local councils to organise "stay-at-home holiday attractions" for your amusement.

Then straightway it allows the railways to run extra trains for those holiday-makers who *won't* stay at home.

Disgusted

So there's little wonder that some towns are cancelling their stay-at-home festivities in disgust.

But we still wonder that the Government seems frightened of hurting the tender feelings of railway directors.

Stopping the Express

It's only fair to admit that the railways are restricting travel in some districts.

The only afternoon train has been withdrawn from a line near Harrogate on shopping day; so the villagers must trudge a mile and a half to catch an hourly 'bus which is usually full up.

But an obscure nobleman who lives near by has asked for a morning express to be stopped to pick him up. And his lordship's request was granted within a few hours.

Mothers' Mischief

It would be as well if parsons were requested to heed the save-travel campaign. July is the month when thousands of mothers' meetings take place; in one district alone, three were held last week.

With the result that war workers going home were crowded out of the trains.

The Kind Colonel

There's a popular superstition that colonels are peppery, cantankerous fellows with hearts of stone and livers of mud. Well, it's about as true as any other superstition.

Just available is the story of a colonel who found that among his men when Bath was bombed were seventeen youngsters fresh from their homes in the city.

They were very worried about their parents; it was impossible to get news by 'phone; so the colonel set off for Bath himself.

His Escort

There he was provided by the police with an escort—an undersized boy scout aged thirteen.

The boy knew which streets were passable and which had been bombed flat; together they checked up every address, and the colonel returned with the news that alone could reassure his recruits.

An amusing story? Maybe, but we like the sound of that C.O.

Blitz Test

Hardly less enterprising was the candidate for a commission who came to this problem in his question paper:

"What would you do if you found petrol in your radiator and water in your petrol tank?"

"Open up the gear-box and look for the goldfish" was his answer. No, he didn't pass.

They Don't Wait

But we commend to our authorities the slick methods of the Americans in our midst. Within an hour or two of making his first bombing attack on targets in Holland, a U.S. pilot was decorated for his gallantry in the raid.

Had it been a British award, of course, he would have had to wait for months until his deed had been forgotten.

Good Management!

Certainly it will be a long time before we forget Lord Londonderry's boast: "The coal industry is the best-managed industry in the country."

Perhaps he is influenced by the fact that he used to draw £14,000 a year in coal royalties, and is now being bought out by the State at a handsome figure.

The industry's long history of strikes and lock-outs hardly justifies his satisfaction. Nor does a complaint just brought to our notice.

Going Down

It concerns a Welsh mine where most of the hewers are idle. Production from one district, formerly between 200 and 250 trams a day, is now 70.

Why? Because the men are held up for lack of pit-props, though at the pit-head hundreds of tons of timber lies rotting.

And the management accuse the men of going slow!

Rev. T. Cocker Brown

The Rev. T. Cocker Brown, of the London Missionary Society, recently lectured on China and Japan. We severely criticised his views in our issue of June 27.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Brown informs us that he was completely misreported by the local Press, and that actually his views coincide with our own. We are glad to hear it.

Nice Work

In some ways Blackpool is a law unto itself.

Its ratepayers are rightly bewildered because a police inspector has been allowed to resign on a pension of £240 a year and to retain his post as fire guard officer at a salary of £450.

Net result will be that in future he'll receive £690 a year for a job he is now doing for £472!

Robbing Peter—

Lincolnshire has quite a different system. Police officers there who are called-up for military service will have to undergo a means test to get a hardship allowance.

But other employees of Lindsey County Council who serve in the Forces are having their wages made up without question.

White-feather Dodger

Did you read how a London woman was spanked in Piccadilly by two R.A.F. pilots in mufti on whom she had bestowed a white feather?

We can better it. A discharged soldier living in Ealing complained about a girl who posted white feathers to him.

The police found she was dodging uniformed service!

Kept Waiting

Presumably the Women's Land Army wants recruits. It hardly encourages them, judging by complaints we receive.

Last week it opened an information bureau in Oxford Street, London. Nobody arrived to unlock the door until eleven o'clock, by which time there was a queue of fifty young women. Others, unable to waste time, had gone away.

Hardship

For five years a Bolton widow looked after the twin boys of her dead step-daughter. Unable to do so any longer on her widow's pension, she asked the public assistance committee for help—and didn't get it.

Her health broke down under the strain. Six weeks ago she was taken to a mental home.

Too Young!

Her elder daughter, aged sixteen, and earning twenty-odd shillings a week, asked the public assistance committee to contribute to the support of her eleven-year-old sister and the twin boys.

"You're too young to receive relief," was the lofty answer.

"Not too young," said the girl, "to keep four people on my wages."

We'll Not Forget

Local people intervened. The girl was given relief and the twins were removed to a home.

JOHN BULL suggests that this case should be remembered as a classic example of public assistance committee methods.

Provoking Trouble

But, of course, Officialdom has a genius for promoting ill-feeling.

See what has happened at Fleetwood, Lancs. Icelandic fishing skippers, unable to take more than £10 out of the country, bought piano accordions (at prices up to £90 apiece) to take home with them.

Banned

Suddenly, without notice, the export of these instruments was banned. Customs officials seized some thirty accordions, offered them for sale to the highest bidders, but paid no compensation to the furious fishermen.

By such petty stupidities are international hatreds born.

Too Dear!

Nor can anyone wonder at the anger felt by housewives with small purses.

At a 'bus stop in Hertfordshire the other day, a grower was selling bags of onions at a shilling each. A JOHN BULL man bought one. It contained thirteen pounds of onions.

"The shops won't give me a shilling for them," the grower explained.

One Book

Here's an appeal to those shopkeepers who keep goods under the counter:

Give a fair deal to the old folk who live alone and cannot afford to spend much! See that they get a share of the goods in short supply!

Many of them are scandalously ill-served. Because they can produce only one ration book, the little unrationed "extras" they should get are reserved for the people who can place large orders.

Behind the News

● **Japanese are running short of "suicide squad" airmen. Most Samurai swimmers, equally prepared to die in military tasks, have been killed already.**

● *Occupied Europe lives in a permanent "parachutist" scare. Every day, Gestapo and Nazi troops are called out to hunt "mysterious strangers" seen near defence installations.*

● They have not only been reported in Denmark, Norway and Finland, but in the Balkan countries. Himmler is forming special squads of parachutist hunters!

● **Fear of invasion has forced Nazis to advertise for officers to command coastal anti-invasion posts. Short-staffed commands of the army, navy and air force refuse to have their officers transferred to the new service.**

● *Secret Press in France has now reached the circulation of the whole Vichy Press, with thousands of patriots engaged in its production and distribution.*

● Marshal List, reported "missing," is now said to be actually directing Nazi drive on central Russian front. He has displaced Klugge, latest "failure" among Nazi generals.

● **More than 100 inventions and new processes have been given free to the Allies by refugees—many were developed from researches begun in Germany under Nazi encouragement.**

● *Germans are whispering angrily that Hitler's figures of year's losses in Russia work out at one man lost in every sixty families. Only two months ago Goebbels admitted that every family in Germany had cause for sorrow through death or wounds.*

● Recently, Hitler twice invited General Franco to inspect Spanish Legion in Russia. Franco refused, also declined Mussolini's invitation to Rome. So relations are somewhat strained.

● **Though Germans officially gloat over fall of Sebastopol, *Reichswehr* strategists complain that it will be no use to them for a very long time, so completely have its utilities been destroyed.**

● *U.S. is mass-producing a substitute for camphor, needed in explosives, at one-sixth the cost of natural camphor, which is now a Japanese monopoly.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

THE MISSING PUNCH

JOHN BULL, with a full sense of responsibility, has been violent and consistent in continually urging the Government —and the people—to put their backs to the fight.

Put every ounce into the war effort—brains and brawn.

But there must be some goal.

What are we fighting for?

Not just for fun. Not merely because we have to defend ourselves and our allies against the attack of the aggressors.

We are fighting for peace. But it must be a real—a People's—Peace!

If words were deeds and promises were worth the breath of the politicians who make them, then the People's Peace would already be assured.

Never before, not even in the last war, have so many fanciful forecasts, heartening hopes and pompous platitudes been uttered to persuade us that an era of health, wealth and happiness is about to begin.

Yet, though peace aims and Germany's future have been endlessly discussed, no firm and co-ordinated policy or plan has ever emerged.

Mr. Sumner Welles, the U.S. Under-Secretary of State, has lately given those discussions a new twist.

He advocates a long Armistice to provide a "cooling-off" period after the war.

His reasoned plea has inspired a new spate of wishful forecasts that will not satisfy anyone outside a mental home.

We are told "there is reason to believe" that the Anglo-American Governments intend their collaborative machinery" to remain in operation during the long Armistice.

Their combined Resources Board "could" attempt to plan British and American industries so as to eliminate wasteful competition.

Their combined Chiefs of Staff "could" be made to include the Chinese and Russians.

So it goes on. "Could and would and may-" instead of "shall and will and can."

JOHN BULL is weary of such pipe-dreaming. So, no doubt, is the great bulk of the peoples on both sides of the Atlantic.

This is a world war. It must be ended by a world peace.

That entails planning *now*. It entails the setting-up *now* of administrative machinery. It commands the creation *now* of an organisation to rebuild the world's economic system.

For, let there be no mistake about it, the peoples of the world are determined to get the People's Peace that has been promised them.

And they will show no mercy to politicians who talk airily of the People's Peace but who take no step to achieve it.

How will it be achieved?

Not by odd consultations between pairs of nations—not by the tea-parties of pairs of statesmen—not by the chit-chat of officials who fly to and fro across the Atlantic.

PLANS acceptable to one set, pair, clique or group of nations will merely sow seeds of future grievances, suspicions and disputes.

Now is the time to take all the half-baked, piecemeal plans off the shelf, examine them, and shape them into one great world plan.

As Mr. Welles has said, "Every act or measure of co-operation among the United Nations must be scrutinised to see whether it cannot also be made to serve in the winning of the peace."

The best method would be to set up a United Nations Planning Board to get on with the job and to supply the punch that is now missing.

It would plan the use of all the world's riches —not merely those resources still held by the United Nations.

It would plan for labour as well as industry, remembering that no peace will be enduring if unemployment and poverty are ever again allowed to oppress the workers.

Inevitably, the world's trade unions would be strongly represented on the board. Inevitably, because the unions will play a great part in shaping the future destiny of industry.

Already, under the auspices of the International Federation of Trade Unions, a start has been made to achieve understanding and a common purpose between the workers of different countries.

It is true that the American Federation of Labour has upset the Citrine effort to secure collaboration between British, American and Russian labour.

Some Americans are still as darkly suspicious of Soviet methods as many Britons were only a few years ago.

That suspicion will die. But we cannot wait for its demise. We must hasten it.

We shall hasten it if we proceed with a world plan for peace; a plan that will promote understanding between the peoples by pooling the means of prosperity.

Let us note that a great instrument of social justice is already in our hands.

The International Labour Office is the only remaining section of the League of Nations. It is the only section that was successful.

And it is the only section in which the U.S. participates. Mr. Winant, the U.S. Ambassador in London, was once its director.

Undoubtedly its importance after this war will be greater than ever before.

It may well become, as indeed it should become, the most important factor in world politics.

It cannot be emphasised too often that only by international action can social justice be attained. It cannot be stressed too emphatically that the I.L.O. must be an integral part of the new world order—integrated with the United Nations Planning Board we have suggested.

The I.L.O. will need a director with wide vision, strength of character, and determination.

Mr. Bevin would admirably fill the bill. His spoken and published ideas on international economic relations brought his name to the top. Perhaps he could be persuaded to accept the post after the war?

Meanwhile, a start must be made towards the goal. We must start making the world fit for peace!

There is no lack of good will among the United Nations, no lack of enthusiasm among their myriad citizens.

See how Russia, which has no tariffs, no markets, and no private trade worth mentioning, has pledged her future by supporting the idea of a world free market!

See how American statesmen, defying the most powerful monopolists and manipulators of Wall Street, have pledged their country's full co-operation in an international improvement in the ordinary people's lot!

It remains to implement those pledges by a plan.

WE, the people, now demand a guarantee that never again shall we be oppressed by the old economic chaos that poisoned international relations, condemned millions to premature death from under-nourishment and overwork, and fostered warfare that has slain millions more.

That guarantee must be a grand strategy of post-war planning.

It will not be a fixed, immutable plan. It must be capable of wide, swift changes to meet whatever conditions obtain at the end of the war.

But plan we must. Otherwise we might be confronted by anarchy should the war end quickly—and who can say that this unpredictable war may not end before our leaders expect?

This is the time to prepare for peace, and thus bring a new confidence and a fresh determination to all the peoples who desire that peace!

Unless we have it, unless we *know* what we are fighting for, how can we win the war?

R.A.F. Tie Down 2,000,000 Workers

GERMAN victories, real and propaganda, in Russia or Libya cannot overshadow the concern about British Thousand-Bomber raids.

Hitler has summoned an expert team to combat them. Curiously enough, it is headed by—Dr. Goebbels. On his orders the German Press devotes at least as much space to explanations about German anti-aircraft devices as it does to news from the battlefields.

★ ★ ★

Worried and harassed German workers find pictures of "the most modern and the most effective defences" in their illustrated papers. How to defend a German town against British air attacks is the most popular topic of three dozen leading German propagandists.

It is not an easy job. Although they profess to show how easy it is to bring the British raiders down, they are forced to publish, in the following week, pictures of the damage done by "the few R.A.F. bombers which got through," so that the people may be made suitably angry!

The extent of the High Command's concern about our vast air armadas may be gauged by the recall of some of Germany's crack squadrons from Russia and the Middle East. The best fighter pilots which Germany can muster have been stationed in the Ruhr and in North-West Germany.

Air General Kammhuber, who is in charge of the fighters, reminds us of one of the most depressing incidents in this war.

He was one of the Nazi airmen brought down by British fighters in France in the early days of the war. Held prisoner by the French, he was, with about 400 others, released and returned to Germany when France signed the shameful armistice with Hitler.

Now Kammhuber works in close accord with Dr. Goebbels. His technique is designed to appease the German people after every British raid.

★ ★ ★

He conjures up fantastic figures of British aircraft shot down over Germany, and yet his reports always speak of "small British forces."

Colonel Galland, his assistant, is a typical professional Nazi killer. Only twenty-nine, he started out on his murder career in Spain, and has fought on nearly every front as a fighter pilot.

Most highly decorated of all Nazi airmen, Galland is now "Inspector of Fighters," and tours the camps and stations of the overworked pilots, offering advice on how to defeat the R.A.F.

General Doering, who once commanded Nazi fighter squadrons in France, has also been called home. He is the third of the Nazi team against our heavy raids.

★ ★ ★

These men and the squadrons can be spared from other tasks only with difficulty. It is no different with the big army of A.A. crews which has hastily been recalled from Russia and has been distributed all over the country. Two months ago Germany copied Britain and began to use girls for A.A. defence. They call them Blitz girls.

A vast labour organisation is building new shelters, trying to transfer industry underground, erecting big towers from which, it is claimed, enemy bombers can be dealt with easier.

No fewer than two million Germans are tied down by the constant British air attacks. With man-power Hitler's most pressing problem, this is an achievement of which Bomber Command could be proud even if our air attacks showed no other results.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR.—There is a feeling of bitter anger among our firemen. I think you and everyone else will share it after reading this letter.

Let me tell you how petrol is being wasted by the N.F.S.

Early one morning recently twelve fire pumps and their crews were despatched from two towns near London for Colchester.

At Chelmsford the convoy was intercepted and the men ordered to return to their stations.

No practice had been carried out, but some thirty or forty gallons of petrol had been wasted.

A few evenings later ten pumps with a despatch rider and an officer's car left again for Colchester.

There the fifty-odd men were given tea, the convoy was reformed and returned to its home station at three in the morning.

Again no exercise had been carried out. But some eighty gallons of petrol had been used.

Heaven knows how much had been used in all, for many pumps from other districts were also engaged.

Last week, you will remember, I told how five pumps and a despatch rider were sent from Weybridge to Maidstone, where the twenty-seven men were given bread-and-cheese and sent back home—a wasted journey of 150 miles.

There must be practice "call-outs," of course. But they should be so organised to avoid wasteful muddles like the above!

"It makes our blood boil," the men declare, "to have to be parties to this wanton waste of valuable fuel—to say nothing of the wear and tear of rubber tyres."

You pleased the public by acting quickly in the case of Col. Blatherwick. You sacked him for allowing an N.F.S. football team to waste petrol.

I hope you will act no less quickly to stop the N.F.S. jaunts that do not even give the men a football match or a fire-fighting exercise.—JOHN BULL.

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—I am disappointed and astonished by your appeal to civilians, of all ages up to fifty, to volunteer for urgent navvying work of national importance.

Astonished, because of the time you are apparently prepared to waste in selecting and drafting the men who may volunteer.

No doubt many of them will be found quite unfit for heavy work.

The Pioneers would surely do the job as well as any body of seasoned workers.

The heavy rescue squads of our A.R.P. system would be invaluable.

Again, there is the Home Guard. Many of its great army would gladly undertake important work in the evening as a change to drill and inspections.

I don't think you have used your imagination, Mr. Bevin. Use it now to prevent time-wasting and dislocation of industry!—JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. K. HUDSON,
West Mersea, Essex

REVEREND SIR,—A two-year-old girl was found among the ruins of a bombed Bath house and buried without being identified.

Your suggestion that she should be re-buried in some national shrine as a tribute to our civilian dead is interesting—nothing else.

Memorials were erected wholesale after the last war, yet their memories did not prevent this war.

Let's beat Hitler first: then, instead of decorating the country with memorials, let's unite in planning a quarrel-free world.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor TIPTAFT,
Lord Mayor of Birmingham

MY LORD MAYOR,—Those are true words bravely spoken. "Publicity is the only weapon," you say, "that democracy has in its fight with bureaucracy"—the only weapon feared by "incompetent Ministers and the bureaucrats who control them."

You might add that publicity has been the only weapon that has forced the Government into reluctant action:

To appoint a Minister of Production, establish the Home Guard, guard our aerodromes, curb black markets, raise Service allowances, make provision for air raid victims, prepare for a Western Front, and much more besides.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ALAN ANDERSON,
Controller of Railways

DEAR SIR ALAN,—Is it true that coal briquettes needed by troops in Essex were railed from Cardiff to Southampton Docks, thence to Essex?

If so, I can appreciate "the strain on our railways" of which we hear so much.

You might also inquire whether only 280 tons of mud have been removed in a year from a wharf that a railway company had allowed to become derelict, and which is now needed for war purposes. The cost, I am told, is working out at £2 a ton of mud shifted—against the commercial rate of 1s. 6d. a ton.

These reports should be investigated before the railways concerned are allowed a public subsidy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR.—Really, the crooks are getting away with the swag far too easily.

Yet another "master forger" has been jailed for swindling the P.O. Savings Bank. He admitted 552 cases other than those for which he was convicted!

For years past, similar frauds have been in the news. Time and again we have heard that "the last of the P.O. forgers" has been laid by the heels.

He hasn't—and won't be under the present system. Surely the task of making it fraud-proof is not beyond the wits of your experts?—JOHN BULL.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Roxburghshire

DEAR SIR,—Some of your policemen, due to be called up for military service, have had one week's holiday cancelled, yet the rest of the Force will be allowed a full fortnight.

Is this due only to an unfortunate mistake? I hope so.—JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION DIRECTOR,
Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—For sixteen months a girls' high school has been so crowded that the scholars have to climb over their desks to get in and out of the classrooms.

Moreover, they have to cross one of the city's busiest roads to reach another school where some of their lessons are taken.

I am sure you are not satisfied with this unhealthy position. And I hope you'll do your utmost to kick the City Council into attention.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P.,
Minister of War

DEAR SIR,—M.P.s are always questioning you about the appalling delays in the despatch of parcels to prisoners-of-war.

I don't think they're any the wiser. Yet surely it should be someone's business to see that delay and pilfering are reduced?

Wives of our captured lads are indignant because the parcels they sent late last year have not yet arrived; tobacco firms agree that parcels may be four or six months late.

Despite the shipping problem, that's far too bad.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Big Nations—Small Minds

ONE summer's day, years ago, I stepped out of the petrol-stinking air of Fleet Street into a tavern whose history is linked with that of Dr. Johnson.

The place was filled with Americans. They were gazing at the chair in which the learned doctor is reputed to have sat, and exploring the vaults and wine cellars below ground.

This was a common enough sight in those days.

But on this particular day I was surprised to see a pretty American girl stooping down and scooping into an envelope some sawdust from the floor.

Curious, I asked her what she was going to do with the sawdust.

"Well," she said, with a charming and exciting smile, "I'm mailing it this very night to a boy friend in New Jersey. Gee, won't he be thrilled!"

★ ★ ★

Years later when I was visiting Budapest I saw a cultured, intelligent Englishwoman on St. Margaret's Island filling a small bottle with water from the Danube. "A souvenir for my friend," she said.

Then I realised how stupid I had been for belittling in my mind the whole American race because a charming girl's enthusiasm for England and English history had prompted her to the extravagant gesture of collecting sawdust.

In between those two incidents I met many Americans, mostly on the Continent, in Paris and Munich, Cologne and Vienna. They were good people. And above all things, they were *young* people—young in heart and mind and spirit, young in their enthusiasms, their raptures.

Now I am meeting Americans in London again. They are in khaki. They are young in years and mind.

They have a burning enthusiasm to get into the scrapping. Unlike most of our lads, they talk about it—and they are inclined to talk big.

English people meeting them for the first time are inclined to regard this typically American enthusiasm as racial "swank."

And so arises another of those unhappy misconceptions which in the past have done much to prevent that co-operation and understanding between the great English-speaking democracies which are so essential to the world we are all so anxious to build.

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To sweep away those barriers of misunderstanding and to put in their place a warm, mutual appreciation of the qualities of the two races and a tolerance of the other nation's point of view is a difficult task.

It's difficult because, in the past, those who should have devoted their efforts to cementing friendly relations between U.S.A. and Britain were content to let the rift between the two nations grow.

Indeed it sometimes seemed that friction was encouraged rather than suppressed.

Tolerance in speech, in thought, in religion, in custom, is one of the main planks in the platform of the United Nations. It is the trump card to play in killing the stupid misconceptions that still exist to-day between U.S.A. and us.

Intolerance is bred of ignorance. Remove ignorance and the battle is half won.

Take a Peep at the New Offensive

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW

Here's some more revelations about the job of the Royal Army Service Corps in this new kind of warfare—and how the Royal Engineers will work with them on the new Front.

BY MAURICE FAGENCE

COME with me for a peep at our "Second Front" in the making.

I have an idea that you will see something of our Third and Fourth and Fifth Fronts as well.

We will call, first, at a "mobbing centre" of the Royal Army Service Corps.

Here, more than anywhere else in the world, the British Army is put on wheels and runners.

At this place your Royal Army Service Corps recruit learns what is going to become of him.

Mules Still Count

He may have to drive pontoon bridges down to the river's edge under a hail of artillery fire from the other side.

When their training is completed they will be dovetailed in with an Armoured Division—for which front you may decide for yourself.

In this war—surprising as it may seem to you—the Royal Army Service Corps is delivering food for guns and men by donkeys, oxen, sledges, mules, camels, elephants and African porters.

There are village people who, seeing R.A.S.C. pack mule companies climbing the local hills, are puzzled.

They forget the Caucasus—and other mountains of the world where you'd give a million gallons of petrol for one sure-footed mule.

They forget that the deciding battle of this war may yet be fought where no wheel will turn.

I went through a card-index file of units in training.

I saw the word "Airborne." It had never occurred to me that all airborne troops would have to have their R.A.S.C.

I was shown the card-reference of a field ambulance that left just as I arrived.

Such field ambulances—whether intended for the Western Desert or elsewhere—have mixed crews of R.A.S.C. and R.A.M.C.

I found that a Mobile Field Bakery had nearly finished its training.

These units, staffed by sixty or seventy men, actually ebb and flow with the tide of battle, following the armoured divisions wherever they go.

Always Fresh Bread

They bake 10,000 2-lb. loaves a day, whether they are being blitzed or not.

If, when our troops were right out in the Libyan desert, their bread had been baked in some safe base, it would have taken five days to reach them—and that would have meant bread eight days old after a three days' battle.

There will be fresh bread for our troops on the "Second Front."

The British Army, I might tell you, is doing one great and daring job about which not a line has appeared in print as yet, and may not for a long, long time.

The R.A.S.C. has a big hand in that mission, and the units were built up and trained in this "mobbing centre."

R.A.S.C. and R.E.s mixed as one unit in this field.

I took a hand with a huge crane that sprouted like a daisy out of the top of the biggest armoured car I ever saw in my life. With one handle in my left hand and the other in my right I got complete obedience from it.

A young officer said proudly: "We are only one company here—but we have got £1,380,000 worth of equipment in this field."

"And I, sir," said a young private beside me, "drive £28,000 worth down the lanes of England."

Next I visited a company devoted to pontoon bridging—again a joint R.A.S.C.-R.E. affair.

Here is the very last word in speedy bridging. The Germans would be astonished if I told them how quickly tanks could be taken across a wide and fast-moving river.

You can use the apparatus as a bridge or as a fleet of boats with propellers that cannot be fouled or strike bottom.

You may not know it, but the Royal Army Service Corps is now something of a cheeky little rival to the Royal Navy.

The small islands surrounding Britain are provided with food and the various sinews of war by R.A.S.C. motor-boat companies.

The Corps also furnishes patrols of fast, armed launches and slow cargo or troop-carrying craft which are also armed for operations in estuaries, inland lakes and rivers.

It also mans a W.D. fleet of 160 ships (ranging, I was informed, up to "550 tons burthen"), which are busily employed in different parts of the world.

You think of the Engineers when you read of bridge-building, but the R.A.S.C. lads take a hand, too, now!

I was particularly impressed by the keenness of the drivers of the tank transporter companies.

These are the boys who have to take tanks up to the point at which a battle is begun.

There are the lads who take up the petrol.

When night falls over the desert and our tanks congregate in "tank harbours" for safety (as do the German vehicles, too), they have to go stealing up with the "juice" and ammunition.

They have to have intelligence far higher than that required for mere map-reading.

They may have nobody of higher rank than a lance-corporal with them—but they *must* find the *exact* spot with the help of the sun-compass by day and the stars by night.

Those handling petrol must have immense knowledge about this cargo, which can be so dangerous in desert conditions.

"Creepage," that tendency of petrol to send out long tongues of vapour in search of a flame that might ignite it, as a result of which the light will flash-back to the main cargo and send it up in one huge roaring column of fire and smoke, is just one of the many technicalities they must master.

These R.A.S.C. drivers often have nothing more than canvas between them and the bombers that shriek down at them.

It has to be a very vicious attack to halt them for a minute.

They have adopted, almost as their motto, that dull phrase in Field Service Regulations which reads: "The delivery at the right time and place of the materials of varied nature required by an army in the field may frequently be the deciding factor in the success of operations."

They have crystallised it into the words: "The convoy must get through"—and when a driver is struck down his second driver takes his place, and the convoy keeps on keeping on.

Many of the men of the Royal Army Service Corps whom I met, and the comrades from other units who have been mixed with them, will never know the Western Desert.

Some of this huge and costly stuff was never intended for desert warfare.

As I told you—here is a peep at the "Second Front," and a few more besides. They will come.

And we needn't be afraid of the result.

I tell you there is no equipment in the world like the stuff I have seen, and much of which I cannot describe to you.

And there is nothing to beat the men.

To reveal one of the little secrets of the war, these men kept a British Army parched and famished on the beaches of Dunkirk supplied with water from London's domestic taps.

Not one word of praise has been written concerning it!

Next week: The R.A.M.C.

AND SEE HOW EVERY SINGLE TORPEDO IS TESTED

EVERYTHING was set. A brand new torpedo, fresh from the factory, was about to undergo its trials.

The siren roared its warning. Way down below a handful of gulls shot into the air from the calm sea and swirled seawards.

"Fire!"

★ ★ ★

Whoompff—like a giant explosion of breath. For a few seconds nothing else seemed to happen.

Then a little cluster of bubbles broke surface. It was gas from the torp's exhaust and it marked the course of the weapon clearly.

Now it was approaching the first of the ranging rafts. From his small hut on the raft, an observer raised a flag and as the bubbles shot underneath the raft, dropped it again.

Up in the observation room stop watches clicked.

On to raft two went the slim missile. A network of rope under each raft shows its depth as it passes.

Beneath the last one is a special microphone which enables the observers to hear the deep purring of the torpedo's motor.

A sudden stutter—and stop watches click the precise range of the torps motor.

Next moment the torpedo comes to the surface with a flash of flame and fires its special signal.

Carried along with it was one of the most ingenious devices for recording its behaviour in any kind of weather.

The readings show the depth of the torpedo and its degree of roll.

Rather like a child's toy in some ways this device has a clockwork motor, fitted into a brass container, and as the tin fish thrusts through the seas, a line, tracing itself upon a sheet of paper, reflects every movement.

The stretch of water used for testing torps may be anything up to four or five miles in length. It is specially chosen with due regard for wind and weather, and it takes three test runs before the torp can be passed.

The job of the big tin-fish in this war, has undergone some radical changes in the past six months.

Their powers were supposed to be very limited. Now, they produce devastating results against the heaviest battleships, and spring out of the air as well as from the sea.

★ ★ ★

Aerial torpedoes, in fact, have changed the course of this war. They have become shattering weapons.

Hence the work of the testers has assumed quite different proportions. These tin-fish must not fail. They must steer the perfect gyroscopic course at correct speeds and always explode.

Precise details of our aerial torpedoes are secret, but they may be anything up to twenty feet in length and carry over five hundred pounds of high explosive in their heads.

Imagine one of those hurtling from an aircraft at over three hundred miles an hour and then, if necessary, developing a speed of fifty knots from its own power!

The aerial torp has a range of over fifteen thousand yards, but pilots go in very close before they release.

★ ★ ★

A normal torpedo may cost anything up to £2,000. We pay for them and expect results for our money. The testers guarantee our investment.

Once upon a time the Admiralty would pay you £30 if you found a torpedo washed up on the foreshore. Now you are advised to keep clear of any suspicious looking object you may come upon. Just report it to the nearest local authority.

WAR IN PICTURES

Last hours of Rangoon, the battle in Libya, the Navy in action, night fighters, Commando raids, paratroops, the big raids on Germany, are just a few of the wonderful war pictures in an exhibition being organised by "Illustrated" in aid of the Red Cross.

It begins on Friday, July 31, at the Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London. A charge of one shilling will be made for admission.

OUR MOST VITAL F

Amid all the talk, justified though it certainly is, about the urgent importance of striking at Hitler on a new front there is danger of the serious strain on the existing battle-line at sea being under-estimated in the public mind

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE science and conduct of war change with the instruments of war. But there is one fact about war that never changes. It is the dominion of sea power. When the command of the sea is lost the war is lost.

The Athenian empire fell with the defeat of its fleet at Syracuse. Hannibal's invasion of Italy failed because he never commanded the narrow seas to his base at Carthage.

Napoleon was destroyed at Trafalgar. It took ten years to consummate the fact, but the blow was final.

Sea power has been the corner-stone of the British Empire. The Battle of Jutland decided the issue of the last war. It clinched our command of the sea and dictated the end.

If the United Nations are to win this war, their command of the sea must be no less decisive. Is that the case to-day? I do not think it is.

★ ★ ★

Take the position as compared with the last war. Then, it is true, the German Navy was, next to our own, the most formidable in the world, and the German mercantile marine, again, was second only to our own.

But against this we had the French and Italian navies in full alliance with us.

The Japanese navy held a watching brief for us in the Pacific. In the second half of the war the American Navy was in active co-operation with us.

We had no worries in the Mediterranean, except from occasional submarines that slipped through the Straits of Gibraltar.

After the destruction of Von Spee's fleet off the Falkland Islands the high seas of the world were in our unchallenged command.

The single peril was the submarine. When that was overcome victory was assured. All the waters of the globe were in our keeping.

Napoleon said that he lost his war because wherever there was water to float a cockle-boat the British Navy was in possession.

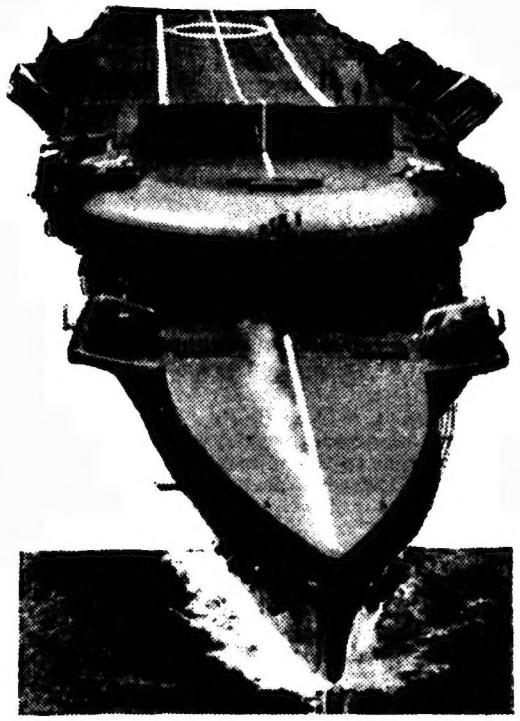
The Kaiser lost his war for the same reason.

★ ★ ★

Contrast with this the position to-day. The treachery of Vichy struck a deadly blow at our command of the sea. It left nearly the whole littoral of the Mediterranean in enemy hands.

The Italian navy had become our foe, and Germany had a through route to the Middle East and the Black Sea.

The vast responsibilities thrown on our fleet in the Mediterranean weakened our resources in the Atlantic. The insane surrender of our bases in South Western Ireland, coupled with the German occupation of the whole western coast of Europe to the Bay of Biscay, left our Atlantic life-line in imminent peril.



Aircraft carriers are playing a more and more important part in the United Nations' struggle to recapture decisive supremacy at sea

We have lost hundreds of merchant ships and thousands of brave lives owing to that ghastly gap in our defences from the Bay of Biscay to Bantry Bay. De Valera has been a priceless bottle-holder to Hitler.

And all the time there hangs over our fleet the shadow of the French navy.

Laval has declared that he wants Hitler to win the war, and since his own skin is at stake we must not be unprepared for the last, unspeakable treachery that Vichy can perpetrate.

Add to this all that is involved in the loss of Singapore and in the vast rent in the garment of our sea power in the Pacific.

Our command of the seas of the world is no longer intact.

I wrote here a year ago an article on what Lord Fisher used to call "the five keys of the world"—the keys that secured British sea power. One of those keys is snatched from us.

★ ★ ★

There is another aspect of this grave matter that we must face. There are three constituents of sea power—fighting craft, bases, and mercantile marine.

We have lost heavily in the first two—still more heavily in the third.

I offer no criticism of the policy of secrecy with regard to the precise facts. In these things we must trust the judgment of those who carry the burden.

But the broad fact that the sinkings on the other side of the Atlantic have this year been of the most serious magnitude is not concealed.

And the astronomical figures of production are no adequate set-off.

IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR CONSTRUCTION TO KEEP PACE WITH DESTRUCTION. THAT WAY LIES DISASTER. IT IS THE SUBMARINE PERIL THAT MUST BE OVERCOME IF OUR COMMAND OF THE SEA IS TO BE EFFECTIVELY RESTORED.

★ ★ ★

It is a dark picture. If it were the whole picture there would be ground for the deepest concern. But it is not the whole picture by any means. Let us look at a few of the considerations on the other side.

Take the significance of that mighty convoy carrying munitions that has recently arrived in India from this country.

It was the largest convoy in history.

It traversed the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans fourteen thousand miles through submarine-infested waters without losing a ship.

Could there be a more impressive proof of the reality of our command of the sea?

And all the while this enormous undertaking, involving no inconsiderable part of the Navy, was in progress, the enemy did not dare to risk a single raid with surface ships to strike at our Atlantic life-line.

Or consider the fact that two years after the treachery of Vichy our fleet still fights in the Mediterranean.

Or that, with the whole coast of Western Europe in Hitler's grip, the narrow seas at Dover are daily traversed by our coastal craft.

Or that in spite of Hitler's swarms of submarines this country is still better fed than any country in Europe.

Then, with the raw material that comes to us through our sea lane we are arming Egypt and India and Russia and Gibraltar and Malta.

Finally, we are arming ourselves for attack, and building millions of tons of shipping, naval and mercantile.

Yes, some chicken! as Mr. Churchill would say.

★ ★ ★

And there are beams of light on the horizon. Japan has had the reward of her treachery, but retribution is on the way.

America is repairing the rent in the garment of our sea power. She is delivering

Goebbels in Lava

AGENCY message, headed "America's War Production," which says that in 1943 13,000,000 workers will be engaged in war production for the United States, shall not be published.

Chancellor Hitler's speech must be published on the front page under a three-column splash.

★ ★ ★

These are recent instructions from *Vichy's* Ministry of Information to the newspapers in *Un*occupied France.

I hope that many tens of thousands of Frenchmen happened to listen to the B.B.C. news service in French the other Sunday night when a batch of such instructions to the local censors and newspaper editors in the unoccupied provinces were disclosed.

French war time censorship was bad enough; now that Laval has returned to office it has become worse.

Even in the last war, and again this time, the French Censorship Department insisted that every full-page proof had to be submitted to the censor for his [illegible] to press. The pri[illegible] ruinous fines or h[illegible] prisonment if he [illegible] to be printed wit[illegible]

The censor dele[illegible] with governmenta[illegible] often on his own [illegible] —every piece of n[illegible] garded as useful t[illegible] also every expre[illegible] which was conside[illegible]

A disgraceful s[illegible] the French Press [illegible] tain amount o[illegible] journalist was no[illegible] everything he like[illegible] *free to refuse to [illegible] disliked.*

★

That was the d[illegible] the censorship [illegible] closed by the B.B.C. [illegible] in France the oth[illegible]

Here are a few [illegible]

The report on [illegible] Nazaire, it was [illegible] published under [illegible] more than two col[illegible] sational, and with [illegible] tendency.

FRONT

blow on blow at the fiendish enemy that stabbed her in the dark at Pearl Harbour.

The war is coming home to Japan, and the threat to the Indian Ocean has passed. Australia is safe. Madagascar is in our hands.

Ceylon and India are now equipped for any emergency. And Admiral Somerville keeps guard over the approaches to the Bay of Bengal, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea.

Nor in the rehabilitation of our sea power must we forget the mighty flood of planes that is pouring from the American factories.

Supremacy in the air is as vital to supremacy at sea as it is to supremacy on land. It was the realisation of this that gave Hitler his chance.

But his pact with the demon of the air, as the Prime Minister has said, has run out. The dominion of the air has passed from him to the United Nations, and every day will make it more devastating on sea and land.

Already the writing is on the wall. American planes have sunk half the aircraft carriers of the Japanese Navy, and in doing so have broken the spearhead of Japanese sea-power.

And quick to seize the meaning of events, the Americans have suspended their battleship building in favour of speeding up of aircraft carriers.

Aircraft by the thousand and the ten thousand, aircraft carriers by the score, *the conquest of the submarine,* the construction of hosts of destroyers and corvettes to hunt down the vermin of the sea.

THE BUILDING OF MILLIONS OF TONS OF MERCHANTMEN, THE SEIZURE OF ALL AVAILABLE BASES IN THE ATLANTIC ISLANDS AND ELSEWHERE BEFORE THE ENEMY SNATCHES THEM—THESE ARE THE MEANS OF RECOVERING THAT COMPLETE COMMAND OF THE SEA WHICH WE HAVE TEMPORARILY LOST.

And with the full recovery of sea-power the end of the barbarians' reign of terror will be in sight.

Laval's Press Kitchen

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After the bombardment of the Renault Works near Paris by the R.A.F., the Vichy-French Press was ordered to publish "original" editorials describing the indignation as general and particularly deep among the working classes.

The local censors were instructed not to grant the printing visa unless this was done.

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Again the same *order* to write anti-British editorials was issued after the British action in Madagascar. But in that case a complete sketch of an editorial was supplied by Laval's propaganda services to the Press as "Documentary Notes."

Of course, these notes were not to be published textually. That would provoke the Frenchmen's suspicion, but they were to be used as a guidance and amplified in the form of "original articles."

It was a great thing that the B.B.C. gave the people in France an opportunity to glance at Laval's Press kitchen and to sniff its awful smell.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

KNIGHTS OF THE SKIES—V. By MICHAEL CLOUD

Women and children had to be rescued from the havoc wrought by Jap bombers in New Guinea

The Gold Man Who Gave His Life

WHEN flushed and barbarous Japanese troops, red-handed from victory farther north, were crammed into transports and shipped down to invade New Guinea, the news of their coming flashed through only a few hours ahead of Mitsubishi bombers that preceded the invading force.

And in New Guinea were hundreds of white women and children.

It was too late to evacuate them by sea. In any case, after Singapore, we had not the ships.

Moreover, most of them were at remote inland goldfields.

In Teeth of Raids

In eight days two aeroplanes evacuated seven hundred and sixty-nine women and children, and a few injured or sick men, from New Guinea to the Australian mainland. The flights were made during big Jap air raids on New Guinea, and the ancient air 'buses concerned, slow and fat and unwieldy, were constantly chased by swift "O" fighters.

The only loss was one aircraft and pilot returning empty for a fresh load.

It is of one of the pilots who carried out this almost incredible feat of courage and endurance, unarmed, in an obsolete gold-'bus, that I want to tell you.

Salute L. J. Stephens, Wau gold man, heart-patient, airman of the Old School!

He is dead. He died that women and children might live unfrightened and free. He used the air not to kill but to save.

Stephens was two hundred miles from Wau when he heard of the emergency there. Everything was upside-down. The Japanese were coming; the Yellow bombers were already scouting high overhead.

Stephens had given up active flying some time before. At 6,000 ft. his heart gave out on him and he fainted with pain. So of course he could not fly.

Lightning Work

But this was an emergency.

He knew where there was an old Gannet aircraft which had been out of use for a while. With another gold-miner, Norman Wilde, he got to work on that ancient gold-'bus.

They ripped everything out of it except a few vital instruments. He filled the tanks, made contact—and the antiquated engine spluttered into new life.

The Gannet took off and flew to Wau

Things were happening in New Guinea, while the Mitsubishis thundered overhead and sometimes dropped a heavy bomb and sometimes came low to use machine-guns.

One aircraft was taking thirty passengers per trip. It was built to carry twelve. Another carried on one trip fifty-three women and children. Its capacity was eighteen; but there was no charge for children in arms—as they say.

There is such a thing as a fixed centre of gravity on aircraft, but Stephens ignored that. The need was desperate; the Japs were very near.

The Gannet became airborne, but so late that it flew for ten miles brushing tree-tops. Then it climbed.

It had to climb. It had to pass over the unexplored Owen Stanley Mountains, where the New Guinea cannibals live; and those steaming, flaunting, forest-clad mountains run to a height which obliged the Gannet to fly to more than 11,000 ft. to cross them.

The machine's official ceiling, with its worn motor and tremendous overload, was about 8,000 ft. Stephens knew this, and knew that a crash in the trackless tropical mountains would mean certain death.

He knew something else.

He Fainted, But . . .

"You'll have to take her over, Norman," he said quietly to his co-pilot, as he stared at the needle of the altimeter. "My heart—gives me trouble—anywhere over 5,000. It's nothing really. I'll pass out for a bit, but I'll be okay ready to put her down long before we get to Moresby."

And he slumped sideways in a dead faint, caused by the stabbing agony of a damaged heart trying to pump fast enough to compensate for the rarefied air.

Wilde took over the controls.

"I would not have cared to try to get the 'bus down with that load," he said later. "I wondered what would happen if L. J. didn't come round in time. But he did."

The aircraft, with women shrunk against one another and children jammed into their laps, flew steadily on over the wild and jagged peaks of the Owen Stanley range. She was sluggish on the controls; it seemed that she simply could not rise another foot.

The highest peaks were still ahead.

But Digger aeroplanes, apparently, are like Digger hearts—they won't break.

Presently, the old machine was going down on the other side. Some while later, Stephens stirred, sighed, and pulled himself upright. The face under the flying helmet was white.

"I can take her—now," he said briefly.

And he did.

When the ground staff at Moresby saw the Gannet circling to land the warning siren sounded and the fire-engine came clanging out. They had heard from Wau how much she was carrying, and they did not expect her to touch down without a big smash.

But the Gannet made a perfect three-point. . . .

Stephens and Wilde went back for more. And then for more.

After several trips back and forth the airport authorities condemned the Gannet as unairworthy. They would have done it before had the need been less immediate to get those women and children out.

Doctors Pleaded

One does not fly a dug-up like that over mountains like the Owen Stanleys.

Doctors and others had pleaded with Stephens to give up the run. He was now obviously very ill. He fainted every trip. No damaged heart would stand such continued strain.

Stephens grinned and pulled at his everlasting cigarette. He listened to the advice, and went back to his 'plane. Only once did he offer an answer.

"Think what women with kids'd feel like when the Lyb soldiers arrive!" he said.

But presently they told him his aircraft was unairworthy, and must not be used again.

He did not argue. He was, in fact, a man of silent habits. He mooched around the airfield, and found "Faith in Australia," the 1933 racer, the museum-piece, already condemned as unairworthy itself.

He got a crew of mechanics on the job and pulled the ancient machine into shape. He demonstrated it in the air so that no one could refuse it the right to fly.

He took off for Wau, to get one or two final loads, though at that time practically every other aircraft had been withdrawn from there.

No One Knows

And there the story ends. . . .

He never returned. Perhaps he was shot down by one of the Jap warplanes that hovered in clouds over New Guinea at that time.

Stephens' endurance and courage are not likely to be surpassed. He gave his life not to destroy but to save the lives of others.

Greater love hath no man than this. . . .

Next Week: Fifty-six Men on the Live Men's Chests.

WICKED WASTE IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

MOST of my readers could cite instances which show how grievously the nation's war effort is being impeded by bureaucracy and red tape. But I expect they will be just as staggered as I was to learn that there are nearly 650,000 Civil Servants of all grades to-day compared with 300,000 pre-war.

Of course, the work of most departments has grown considerably; that is inevitable in war time. Still, there is nothing to justify the reckless overstaffing that has been allowed to develop.

In pre-war days special Treasury sanction was needed before a Government Department could increase its staff. This safeguard has been waived in the rush of war work, and chaos is the result.

So serious has the position grown that the Civil Service Clerical Association itself is moved to protest.

It has decided to set up its own man-power boards and is launching an eight weeks' "pruning down" campaign.

In justice to some of the redundant employees, it should be said that not all are content with the present system. But individual protest seems futile.

Only the other day a temporary girl clerk, employed in a provincial branch of one Ministry, was rebuked for complaining that she had only had to address twenty-seven envelopes as a whole week's work!

A well-known authoress who offered her services was posted to another Ministry as a "temporary administrative officer."

For weeks she did little more than sit idly at her desk. She offered to tackle any job. No work was given her, so she asked to be allowed to resign.

One of the chiefs then interviewed her. "You are letting us down," he said. "Stay on; I'll find you *something* to do."

So she stayed on, reluctantly taking her money for nothing. Then, disgusted, she walked out!

Another woman of considerable experience who volunteered for war work was posted to one of the Whitehall offices.

For months she was kept doing nothing more important than keeping a register of screws and small tools—work which any schoolboy might have done.

Walked Out

She protested, and, by applying through other channels, got another Government Department to ask for her release so that she could take up a commission in the A.T.S. Told that she could not be released because of her "experience and background," she walked out.

A male Civil Servant attached to a Whitehall staff was posted to a North of England depot.

After weeks of soul-destroying idleness he begged to be transferred to more valuable work.

Sent to Whitehall, he was seen by a doctor, who said he could start on the following Monday. When he reported for duty he was kept hanging about for three hours and then asked to come back in the afternoon, as they had "forgotten all about him."

That afternoon he was ushered into a room with a casual: "Can you find this chap a table?"

A table was found, and for more than three months this man has been hard put to it to fill out his time addressing envelopes and performing futile, unimportant tasks.

In sharp contrast with those conscientious employees who are moved to complain, I have heard stories of others who fall in with the requirements of departmental chiefs without a murmur.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

In one big Ministry surplus workers have been known to crowd into the cloakrooms with instructions to "keep out of the way" because an official inspection was on!

I am afraid that some ambitious departmental chiefs, anxious to magnify their own importance, think nothing of taking on extra staff regardless of whether there is any real work for them to do.

They *make* work by filing endless voluminous reports; they evolve involved "systems"; they duplicate work quite unnecessarily. All this is sand in the war works.

An incredible fact is that in spite of all this overstaffing there is also growing up an excessive and unnecessary overtime system. Questions were asked about this not long ago in the House of Commons by Sir Henry Morris Jones, M.P.

Last year over £6,000,000 was paid out in overtime in eighteen Government Departments!

Sir Richard Hopkins, who takes over control of the Civil Service in a few weeks, has the chance to make big reforms

Many Civil Servants protested last Good Friday because overtime was foisted upon them for working on that day. They were paid two and a half times their hourly rate, whether they had anything to do or not!

There have been protest meetings at at least two big centres where certain Government Departments are evacuated. Although there are many clerks with not enough to do, they have been refused permission to leave.

No Real Check

Apart from a few Treasury Inspectors, who cover as much ground as their limited numbers permit, there is no one with any power to curb the wanton overstaffing.

Thus we have the absurd position of a group of employees protesting that they have not enough to do while the Ministry concerned is actually advertising for more typists!

At the risk of starting up yet another hive of Bureaucracy I should like to see the appointment of a strong Director of Personnel with powers to wield a relentless axe in lopping down redundant staffs.

If every Ministry could be made to cut its establishment even by 10 per cent. I am sure that the speed up in the national effort would be remarkable.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. D. E. Lassoh, Thirsk Road, South Norwood, London, S.E.25, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information concerning a subject in which I am greatly interested.

Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Factory Gambling Snares

HOW much longer must the hands of the police be tied where illegal gambling schemes are concerned?

I ask this question because many promoters are taking advantage of the present laxity to entice workers in war factories to part with their money in most preposterous gambles.

One scheme about which I have lately made inquiries is sponsored by the A.C. Share-Out Club, whose agents appear to be actively selling sixpenny tickets on a commission basis.

In Coventry, for example, thousands are circulated every week, and some young workers are so anxious to win the attractive prizes offered that they often buy up tickets in five-shilling blocks.

These tickets are folded and stitched so that certain letters inside are unknown to the purchaser at the time of sale.

★ ★ ★

Prizes are allotted to ticket-holders whose letters correspond with those appearing first and last in the longest headline in a specified newspaper.

So obviously no skill is required and the whole thing is a sheer lottery.

The tickets do not reveal a promoter's name—only that of the printer, "Modern Press Co., Tovil, Maidstone."

This impressive title refers to a small printing concern employing only a few hands. The proprietor is Frederick Leicester, of Foy House, East Farleigh, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Only last January, after his place was raided by the police and nearly 2,000 tickets found, he and a bookmaker named Roy Young Farrant, of Hart Street, Maidstone, were fined under the Lottery Acts *in connection with a similar scheme.*

"If I don't print them somebody else will," was his argument then.

Just previously, when one of the distributors was fined, the Chief Constable emphasised that tickets circulated "alarmingly" in one Government factory, and that he had received complaints from women saying that their husbands were "spending all their money on lotteries and not taking it home."

The man for whom Leicester is now doing the work does not see fit to divulge his name. "Prizes are paid through agents," but the man behind the scheme must be sought out and stopped.

Similar schemes are being run in war factories throughout the country. I think they should be banned.

'Old Kuttel' is Bogeyman of Luftwaffe

A BIG Nazi bomber, hurrying back from a raid on an English seaside village ("an important harbour" *à la* Goebbels), prepares to land at an airfield in Occupied France.

Just as the pilot signals his arrival, as the runway lights up to allow him to land, he catches a flashing glimpse of a night fighter.

It is too late. Though he turns and twists the deadly fire of the British Fighter saws off his tail and sends him crashing on his own base.

Always Smiling

Half an hour later the Fighter lands in Britain, and out steps a slim twenty-six-year-old man, his face beaming under the helmet that envelops his crop of fair hair.

Most famous of all Allied "intruder pilots" who hover over Nazi air bases and wait for returning German bombers, he has now done it more than twenty times. Always he returns smiling and victorious.

He is a Czech whom his British friends adore. They can hardly pronounce his name, but simply call him "Old Kuttel." He does not mind.

"Old Kuttel" is really Flight-Lieut. Karel Kuttelwascher. Kuttel exemplifies all that is best among our fighting allies. He fights for the liberation of his homeland of Czechoslovakia, where he served as a fighter pilot until Hitler invaded the country and disbanded its armed forces.

In Foreign Legion

But Kuttel was determined not to be a Nazi slave. One of the first Czech soldiers to escape from the grip of the *Gestapo*, he reached France. When there was no air force which he could join, when they did not give him a 'plane to fly, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion as a private.

Only at the outbreak of war was he transferred to the French Air Force, and had a brief chance to fight the oppressors of his beloved Czechoslovakia.

For a second time the Nazis nearly caught up with "Old Kuttel." He escaped from collapsing France in the nick of time. Together with other Czech airmen he reached Britain.

Here he found happiness and fame.

You know that he is happy when you see him in his South London home, pottering in his garden during his short spells of leave. With him is his English wife . . . "She is really Welsh!" he explains.

He has learned to speak English very well indeed. He feels at home in Britain, and the dangerous cruises over enemy territory have taken on a new meaning for him.

Row of Medals

He is not only fighting for Czechoslovakia. True ally, he defends Britain at the same time.

His blue Air Force tunic is crowded with medals, the Czech War Cross and Medal for Bravery with two bars, and—he pats it fondly—the British D.F.C. and bar.

Karel now calls himself Charles. There is little to distinguish him from a British airman. But the knowledge that his country is still in chains gives him added strength, courage and determination to defeat our Nazi enemies.

Stranger than Fiction

By Waldo Kellar

THE MADNESS OF MR. SMITH

I MET him in a teashop. It seems only the other day. I shall never forget his air of intense preoccupation. Perhaps you have seen an antiquary brooding over a rare piece of porcelain, or an expert in old prints examining some dark mezzotint?

In such a manner this old man was poring over the lunch edition of a newspaper. He had turned it back to the racing page. In one wrinkled old hand he held a pencil; he had covered the margins of the paper with microscopic calculations.

Yet there was that about him which made that racing page seem quite incongruous.

I do not think that I have ever seen a more respectable old gentleman. Every wrinkle in his face looked like a hieroglyphic which spelled respectability.

His clothes were good, of their kind, and neatly pressed. Obviously, he wore out his old suit during weekdays, but knew how to look pretty spruce on Sundays.

You would have picked him, instantly, as a man designed by nature to fill a position of trust.

We started to talk. His name, he said, was Reginald Smith. He was chief clerk in a moderately large office not far from Cheapside.

We met in that teashop several times, always at about 11.30 in the morning.

He always brooded, making strange calculations on the margin of the racing page.

One day I said to him, "You are interested in horses?"

He said, "Intensely so. But I never bet. It is a great temptation to me, but I do not bet any more, ever.

"Yet, according to my calculations, I should be about £500 in credit this season if I had started betting with a capital of about £10.

"My calculations are not very often wrong. I could break the book, I think. But I will never gamble again as long as I live. . . ."

And in due course he told me this story.

I am a gambler at heart (said Reginald Smith), and all my life I have had to struggle against the impulse to put my fortune to the touch.

Yet I never gambled at all, except once in my life, and that was only about seven or eight years back.

I am employed in a position involving a good deal of responsibility.

I hold the keys to a safe which sometimes contains as much as £10,000 in cash and securities. I may say that my own salary is not inconsiderable.

But I have a home, children and grandchildren, and all my life I have been noted for my scrupulous honesty.

But one evening I went mad.

I have never been abroad except once. I don't know how it happened, but one day, in the Spring, a kind of insanity came over me.

I felt an absolutely crazy impulse to go to a foreign casino and plunge recklessly at the gambling tables.

Now it happened that my firm had wanted me to go to France on certain confidential business, and so I had got myself a passport.

I found myself looking at this passport, and counting up my balance in the bank, and absolutely itching to go and gamble wildly in some such place as Monte Carlo.

But I managed to keep a hold on myself, and contented myself with doing as I do now, just pretending to gamble in figures, with horses and things like that.

But the fever stayed with me and would not go away. And at last it got the better of me. I must admit that I dropped right into the lap of temptation, so to speak.

I told you I had got a passport for the firm's business, but hadn't gone abroad yet.

WELL, one day, our senior partner called me into his office and said:

"Mr. Smith, I want you to get ready to leave for the Continent tomorrow morning at nine-seven.

"You have to go to Monte Carlo, where you will call at the Hotel Negresco and hand a sum of money to our client, Mr. So-and-So. I want you to take particular care, because the sum will be a large one.

"You will draw it from the Credit Lyonnais in thousand-franc notes."

The sum was one million francs.

I am a faithful servant, sir. No thought of anything improper entered my mind until I had got to that accursed Monte Carlo and drawn that million francs.

And then, sir, the Devil got hold of me. I struggled like a drowning man, but that Casino drew me into it like a whirlpool. I had a few pounds of my own, and I thought to myself that I would play with that and have done with it. I had about £15.

I played and lost. Then I had a mad idea that my luck was going to turn.

Before I knew where I was I found myself tearing open the packet of money—our client's money—and staking a thousand francs at a time on the red.

Then, having lost 50,000, I doubled my stakes. I lost, redoubled them.

I played for hours and hours. I shall never forget that agony. Luck was against me, solidly.

AT 10.30 in the evening I found that I had lost every penny. A million francs of money that was not my own. I got up and went out. The disgrace was more than I could bear.

I decided to kill myself. I walked out on to the terrace, idly kicking a little bit of paper in front of me. I was quite calm. I simply intended to die, that was all.

And then I looked down at the paper I was kicking and saw that it was a five-hundred franc note.

I picked it up, thinking that I would have considered myself lucky only a few hours before. And then . . . I don't know how it was . . . gambling is a madness . . . I found myself going back into the Casino clutching this note.

I went to a roulette table and threw the note down on red. It won. I played again. I won. As luck had gone against me before, so it stayed with me now.

Before I knew where I was I found myself tearing open the packet of money — our client's money— and staking a thousand francs at a time on the red

Time passed. Money and chips piled up in front of me. I heard cries of astonishment. I was surrounded with dress shirts. I couldn't lose.

And at last the croupier threw down his rake and said, "The bank is broken."

I cashed in my chips. I had won exactly one million, one thousand two hundred and fifty francs—precisely the sum I had started with.

I paid the million to our client, got his receipt, and went back home.

Since then I have never staked a penny on a horse or a card . . . I only play at gambling as you see me every morning in the tea-shop.

Or perhaps you don't believe me?

To this day I am not quite sure.

Human Machine

TIDY UP!

The "No Litter" campaign should be applied to people's minds as well as to streets and public parks.

Most people's minds are very untidy places. If we could see into them we should be astonished. We should find them looking something like a fairground after a public holiday, littered up with all sorts of things that other people have thrown away.

We should say "Heavens! Clear up that mess, can't you?" And we can be pretty sure that anyone looking into our mind would say the same to us!

You see, minds are bound to be messy places if we just allow any ideas that happen to be floating around to enter and settle down.

They're bound to be untidy unless we form the rigid habit of first looking at any and every idea that wants us to give it a home and forming our own idea of its value.

They're bound to be more like rubbish-heaps than minds unless we acquire the habit of independent thought.

Suppose you have a look into your own mind right now and try to find out what's going on there? Trot out some of your beliefs, some of your ideas about which you always begin "I'm convinced that . . ."

Now then—whose ideas are they? Are they really your own, or did you just find them lying around and adopt them?

Did you reach those beliefs as the result of a bit of hard thinking, by comparing them with other ideas, by discarding and selecting until you had got something that satisfied *you*—or do you just hold them and believe them to be true because a lot of other people do?

Can you bring forward any evidence for your belief that these ideas have any value, or have you never really thought about it before—just accepted them?

Do a bit of real thinking now. Tidy up at least a little corner of your mind before you do anything else!

GET OFF OUR WORDS

JUST for the fun of the thing, it seems to me, somebody is playing about with the English language.

Before we know where we are *this* will mean *that* and *that* will mean *the other*. What *the other* will mean I wouldn't like to say. Probably *this*.

By which time *sanity* will most likely mean *lunacy*.

Words are for the use of man, of course, and there is no reason at all why they should not be changed if a change is necessary. But there is rarely any very good reason why they should be changed.

The reason so many of them are being changed now is, I suspect, that there is somebody somewhere with a soft job and time on his hands.

There was very little reason for calling beer *beer* when we first gave it a name centuries ago. Almost any other available sound or arrangement of four letters would have served at the time. But we called it *beer*, and ever since then that word has meant beer to us.

But soon (I feel it in my bones) somebody is going to call a glass of beer a glass of *oneover*—and then everybody will be at it.

★ ★ ★

If you don't think this likely, I will merely remind you of what has happened to *dawn*. A lovely old English word meaning the break of day. When my great-grandfather thought of the break of day he thought of the word *dawn*. And so did his great-grandfather.

By my children don't. They think of *first light*.

First light!

And then *dusk*. . . . Another lovely old English word meaning the end of day. That's done for now. It has become *last light*.

Why? It doesn't even save time, since it takes longer to say *last light* than *dusk*, longer to say *first light* than *dawn*.

Before long *midnight* will have gone. It will have become the *big black*. And the *wide white* will have taken the place of *noon*.

★ ★ ★

It isn't good enough.

When a word *means* a thing there is no need to invent a new word unless it is a better word. Because of the association of ideas *anti-aircraft* gun is not a very pleasing name to me, but, at any rate, it means an anti-aircraft gun and as such has become accepted.

When, then, *ack-ack*? This is just being silly for the sake of it.

Why *flicks*? Especially now that they don't flick any more.

I can see the time coming when work, or business, or profession, will have been turned into some horror like *lifeslog*. When the seaside will have become the *wet edge*.

If a word means a thing it has done all that can be expected of it. Why go to the trouble of inventing another word to mean exactly the same thing? If a word does its job why sack it?

But, of course, it isn't sacked. Another word is taken on to share the work. Because, although some people will say *first light* others will still say *dawn*.

It really means only fatter dictionaries. In other words, waste paper.

As almost everything is controlled these days, somebody ought to control the fools who are fussing about with our words. There are more important things to do.

WILL SCOTT.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ ONE GUINEA will now be paid for each FORCES LETTER published—and more if a good adventure story is used at greater length. All Forces letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

TORPEDOED at dead of night, three hundred miles from land. That was the plight of fifty-six British sailors.

The dramatic story of how rescue came from the skies is told by one of them, W. Gerard, ship's carpenter and gunner, in a letter to a friend at Albion Street, Wallasey:

We loaded in India, and were well on our way home when we got torpedoed. Another day and we would have been safe in convoy.

We got two torpedoes, the second ten minutes after the first.

The second brought the bridge down on top of me, but I was lucky enough to get away with a fractured wrist.

One or two men were badly injured, but I am glad to say nobody was killed.

The captain, the bosun and myself had to swim for it together, but everybody was pulled into lifeboats quite safely.

I'm glad to say the submarine didn't trouble us again. Actually there were three of them. They don't dare go about alone these days.

Our ship went down within ten minutes of the second torpedo—and this at night.

But as day came we had a joyful surprise. It was a wonderful sight to see a huge 'plane come roaring over us and then turn round to land on the sea beside us.

Then it started to collect us up, like some great duck collecting its ducklings.

It gathered up the whole fifty-six of us and flew us 300 miles into Freetown.

As you know, I've never been in an aeroplane in my life—and certainly never imagined that when I did I would be picked up in the middle of the sea.

Anyhow, the Government has given me an entirely new kit and a brand-new set of tools, and my next job will be to join one of the new ships America is building for us in such quantities. I and my pals will be waiting to take her over the moment she is finished.

ALL DRESSED UP

One of our R.A.F. air-gunners had a very crowded life till recently. He took part in the Sylt raids, the attacks on the Frisians and Heligoland; fought in Holland and in Norway; took part in the defence of our lads at Dunkirk.

To-day he is Corporal H. S. Guiver, stationed in Sierra Leone, and his letters to his sister at Albert Street, Bury, show that if life has become more tranquil it is no less interesting.

Oh, the clothes out here! It is nothing to see a native foreman in white topper, white shorts and shirt, yellow stockings, and with dazzle slippers and a multi-coloured umbrella.

The workmen with him will prefer to get themselves up like Chicago gangsters—preferably with stocking-type hat from which a tassel hangs.

A fortune awaits anybody with the enterprise to bring good, ready-made clothing out here.

AN INVITATION

Now a letter from the lonely Shetlands. Aircraftman H. Graves has written it to his mother at Dial Way, Sheffield:

Having a day off, five of us found ourselves walking near a lonely crofter's cottage.

Three sisters and one brother shared the place, and they asked us in to have something.

We would have been happy with just a cup of tea, but they gave us boiled eggs, brown bread and farm butter, home-made jam, scones, oatcakes, etc., apologised for the simplicity of the food, and refused to take a penny.

I've never met such marvellous folk. We have a standing invitation to go to that cottage any time.

Things don't come easy to these folk, either. And they don't have an easy life. They have to row their own small boat round the island to get to civilisation.

They are marvellously well educated, can discuss all the affairs of the big wide world, and seem to cling to the sea. Anyhow, you see many tablets in the local churchyard to men who have been lost at sea.

JAP ATROCITIES

And a note on the Singapore fighting, from 2nd-Lieutenant P. Flaxen, Royal Artillery, stationed in India, to his father at Brighton:

We have had an officer join us a week ago who managed to escape from Singapore, and the tales he tells are shocking.

He saw our naked British troops having to pull rickshaws in the streets.

After the atrocities, the white civil population were put into concentration camps, without clothes, and their food—such as it was—was thrown on the ground for them to scrape up.

I don't think the Japs will take me alive.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHY ARE WE MORE REALISTIC?

● The nation knows much more about this war than it did about the last.

It was left to Ashmead Bartlett to disclose the scandals of Gallipoli, and to Northcliffe to expose the Shell Shortage.

M.P.s knew nothing about blunders in the Dardanelles till Bartlett sent home the facts through Keith Murdoch. Not even the Cabinet was aware of the need for high-explosive shells till the Kitchener exposure was printed.

Not even till L. G.'s book came out in 1936 were the full facts about Passchendaele known.

This time it is different.

Singapore's laxity and bad defence and the sending of the wrong tanks and guns to Libya were soon described by war correspondents—and then discussed in the House.

So there is a greater realism in the public's mind.

WHY PRINT THE BUNK?

● "Despite the German threat to Alexandria," I read, "life goes on as usual. Cafés, bars, and restaurants do an enormous business. Daily papers give as much space as ever to cricket."

Yes, it was just like that at Singapore!

Yet even worse than the publication of such nonsense on a front page is the fact that, obviously, it is true.

There is a staff of 4,000 in Cairo, where, until recently, at any rate, you would have thought we were living in the joyous, wasteful times of peace.

"What, oranges again!" complained soldiers, served at breakfast with fruit impossible to buy here.

And the cricket, polo, and golf!

WHY ANTI-WOMAN PREJUDICE?

● "There is still in certain Party machines a prejudice against women," says the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, "unreasoning, stupid, fossilised, but active."

He would like to see more women elected to the City Council.

But the trouble is that women themselves prefer to elect men—to Parliament and on local councils.

A woman standing as M.P. is said to start with a handicap of 2,000 votes, this because women *will* vote for the man.

It is silly, I know.

On the other hand, as women are in the majority on the register, it prevents public bodies being swamped by women members, few of whom have the experience of the men, even if they are their equals in common-sense.

WHY MISUSE WARDENS?

● Air raid wardens in Bromley, Kent, have been sent round in an attempt to find out what food stocks are held by householders.

This is not the first time A.R.P. services have been used for duties other than those for which they volunteered and trained.

In some parts they have even been asked to unload coal trains. Some local authorities look upon A.R.P. personnel as a convenient pool of cheap labour!

On the other hand, only now has the Home Office allowed any of the 100,000 auxiliary firemen in the country to do war-work in their many hours of compulsory idleness. For months they fought the idea—and yet we were getting more and more short of workers, needed in greater numbers in the factories!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

WOMAN customer before me at hairdresser's told how she got three separate pounds of tomatoes by going back to end of queue twice and getting more. What chance have we married women got who help to run the country's vital services?—Mrs. E. Brown, Glyn Road, Birmingham.

(That's why confectionery is rationed. There should be even greater safeguarding of housewives who work while the shops are open.—Editor.)

★ ★ ★

Having changed all my bulbs to lower candle-power, I went to local pier, had ten minutes on the Dodgem cars, and used a year's saving of "juice" in no time.—R. G., Rolle Street, Exmouth.

Everybody, in these days of tremendous taxation, fears heavy medical bills. Therefore, why not a State scheme of medical treatment for *everybody*?—J. Smith, Upton, Birkenhead.

★ ★ ★

An enlightening Birthday Honours list—125 men, 3 women. Is praise of woman's part in the war just bluff?—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

★ ★ ★

As a postman I see laundry going 200 miles away to the north, and 200 to the south, to be washed, boxes of cut flowers travelling 100 miles, and many other such examples of wasted transport.—Postman, Lancashire

HUMANIST, with his deep insight into the every-day problems that worry people, will help you if you write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. If your letter is quoted (without your name and address, of course) you'll receive a guinea. This week he deals with

STAMMERERS, VISITORS & GIRL CROOKS

YOUNG men write every week asking for advice about stammering, and I have discussed the problem with a number of experts. Everybody knows that the man who stammers is extremely self-conscious and apt to suffer from nerves, but the doctors themselves have not made up their minds whether the nerves cause the stammer or whether the stammer causes the nerves.

"I am worried about my young grandson," *writes an elderly woman.* "He is a real chatterbox by nature, but it is painful to see him, with his head thrown back, trying to bring forth his words.

"His father and mother mean well, I know, but they cut him short, which only seems to make him worse.

"If I intervene they are annoyed with me. There are times when he does not stammer at all, but this abrupt snapping at him may cause the habit to become deep-rooted.

"It is painful to see him . . ."

"Perhaps, after all, it is just a granny's worry and that the parent's method is best. I should like to know what you think and should welcome any advice about treatment for this affliction."

Investigation shows that stammering usually starts with some unhappy experience—a cycle accident, a fire, or perhaps personal criticism and ridicule. In many cases it seems to disappear of its own accord.

There is no simple remedy. A speech therapist who works in one of our biggest London hospitals recommends the stammerer to speak slowly, to pitch the voice low, to practise deep breathing, and to spend part of every day in relaxation exercises. Over-anxious parents, he tells me, invariably make matters worse.

When a young man stammers badly one has the instinct to pretend not to notice, but I believe this often makes the man more embarrassed.

Admit the fact that the man is stammering badly and he feels better! I am told, too, that it is helpful to press the hand hard on something—a table-top, a doorpost, or even the thigh. I suggest these ideas in the hope that one or two may be found effective.

ANOTHER reader tells me how he and his wife were watching some dancing in an hotel:

"A sailor got up to dance along with a girl he had met there," *he says.* "The sailor took his wallet from his pocket and gave it to the girl to mind for him.

"Later on the girl disappeared, and the

...with his deep in-
...every-day problems
...people, will help you
...to him at 93, Long
..., W.C.2. If your
...ted (without your
...ddress, of course)
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...MERERS, ...TORS & CROOKS

...write every week ask-
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... tells me how he and ...watching some danc-

...to dance along with ...here," *he says.* "The ...let from his pocket ...ri to mind for him. ...disappeared, and the

...r, of course, lost his wallet contain-...£40 in notes—his entire savings.

...On another evening some time after-...ds we saw this same girl dancing ...a man in Air Force uniform. We ...ght we ought to warn the airman ... the girl was a crook, but we fought ... of making a scene.

...We were puzzled as to what was the ...t thing to do. In the end we did ...hing, but we are wondering whether ... did right. What ought we to have ...e?"

...me might argue that if a sailor was ...lish enough to hand his savings to a ...ual acquaintance at a dance he ...erved to be robbed. He must have ...n either extremely innocent or more ...n a trifle drunk.

...ew of us like to "make a scene" in ...blic, and it is easy to salve one's con-...nce by saying it is "None of our ...iness."

...ut if a crook is robbing our Service-...n and merchant seamen it is every-...y's business to put a stop to it. If I ...ice a burglar entering a jeweller's ...p in the middle of the night I cannot ... it isn't my business. It is my duty ...report to the police.

...he man—provided he is sure of his ...ts—would be justified in warning the ...man, in giving information to the ...nagement of the hotel, or in ringing ...the police.

...e did nothing of the kind. His ...ure to act must have troubled his ...science or he would not have sent ... problem to me.

"MY problem," *writes another reader,* "is one that I can't discuss with ...tions as it concerns them, so I hope ... will be able to advise me. You see, ...y are very friendly towards me, but ...ely they have become too much so.

"With rations being just sufficient for ...h person there is nothing left over ... visitors, yet every week-end there is ...constant stream of them coming to ...

"It means that I have to skimp my ...band's sandwiches during the week ...d do without altogether myself so as ...have enough for the week-end visitors.

"Now, Humanist," I don't want to hurt ...ir feelings, as they are a grand lot, ...t this scheming for week-ends is get-...g on my nerves. I do hope you will ... able to help me."

...What can one say or think about rela-...ns who act like a swarm of locusts? ...ey know exactly how much tea, sugar, ...tter, and margarine each person is ...owed, and the only decent thing to ... is to take rations with them when ...ey go out to tea. That is what most ...ople are doing nowadays. They ought ...t to need asking to do this.

...If their feelings are going to be hurt ... such a reasonable request they must ... less friendly in future.

...The only other way out of the difficulty ... for the writer of the letter to return ...e visits during the week. Or let them ...ke turns in acting the part of host and ...stess.

DEFEAT OF HEART

IF we gave in when things went hard against us, if we lost Faith when things were dark indeed, if we turned back because the road looked treacherous, how then could we hope ever to succeed?

IF we gave in when Fate with whip approached us, if we took fright, let panic have full sway, if we let loose the coward that's within us, how could we hope there'd dawn a Better Day?

IF we went down each time that Doubt assailed us, in its dark armour, what use would be prayer if we decided that we were forsaken each time there came some new hard trial to bear?

IF we let go the guide-rail of the spirit and fell beneath the onslaughts of the flesh, how could we ever hope to keep soul-freedom in circumstance's most intricate mesh?

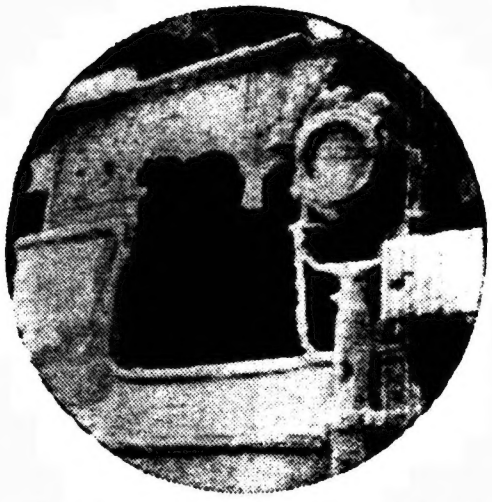
IF we indulge in pity for our hardships, and moan because things don't work out our way, how can we hope to make our way to Heaven, unless we keep Defeat-of-Heart at bay?

J. M.

NEW BATTLEFIELDS—II

Victory Pipeline Hitler Forgot

By HAROLD A. ALBERT



Through the bitter Arctic winter the ships of the Allies kept up the flow of war aid

"IT will be queer, won't it," says Vassily Natchka, "if Hitler is beaten because of a town that wasn't thought of when he wrote *Mein Kampf?*"

"It's the highway to victory—you can't expect it to be easy!" said a hard-bitten convoy Commodore, when he'd brought his ships through a mid-winter nightmare of gales and mist and ice and spray so chilled that it froze in mid-air.

They both meant Murmansk. Both knew what they were talking about.

Vassily is an air mechanic at Murmansk Field. It's so amazingly camouflaged—and the "camou" is changed so often that sometimes he says he finds his way more by instinct than eyesight.

Eggs and Champagne!

He remembers when the R.A.F. first arrived and were greeted with eggs and bacon topped by champagne and caviar. He's hectically proud of the evening when an R.A.F. 'plane needed a certain fitting and the Britishers gave him a diagram. By midnight he'd produced a sample. By 4 a.m. he'd produced two dozen fittings.

Above all, he's proud of Murmansk.

Eight years ago, Murmansk was nothing but a few huts—and a smell of rotting fish.

It was merely a dot on the collar of Lapland that juts into the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean.

Every February 5,000 fishermen made the long sled ride from Onega. Every autumn, as the long Arctic night began they went back home.

Last year the endless night cloaked Britain's mighty fleets of war aid. The U-boats heard but could not see them. The occasional enemy aircraft that patrolled the moonlight were, to quote the Commodore, "like poor blind bats."

When the Spring dawn came, dive-bombers and torpedo-planes raced to the attack. One British merchantman, hit squarely in the magazine, was blown to dust.

Where the ship had been were only five burned seamen, swimming for their lives.

A tiny crash-boat rescued the survivors. The Nazis swept it with machine-gun fire.

Still the convoy raced on. Into the patrol area of Russian 'planes, into the arms of the Soviet. Nearer the bleak coast of granite cliffs and fir-fringed bluffs, into an estuary so narrow that rifle fire can command its entire length.

No sooner was the first ship docked than a girl walked up the gang-plank between two Soviet soldiers with fixed bayonets.

"Captain," she piped, "We would like to unload the ship!"

It's the Murmansk manner! When the sailors went to Murmansk's once-weekly dances, their partners wore khaki trousers and carried revolvers. When two bottles of whisky were stolen from the R.A.F. mess, the thief was caught and shot.

But there's more than rifles and revolvers to this strange new town in the Arctic tundra. The Nazis tried to pierce its pre-war secrets. Hitler's own yacht *Grille* cruised the coast. The Nazi War Minister chose the Arctic Ocean for a holiday. His trip was wasted.

Wrapped in Murmansk's mystery, the Bremen lay shrouded there for 14 weeks without the world knowing.

Nazis were foiled

The crew kept their eyes open. But four times since then the Nazis have sought to thrust through its outer defences. And four times failed. . .

"Even us Russians have to have four passes to get here!" says Vassily Natchka.

What has happened to the little fishing village? The truth is—transformation!

Five Year Plans supplied the men and money. In 1934 engineers arrived with blueprints for a port which, washed by the Gulf Stream, could be used when Leningrad was choked with ice.

Concrete docks and giant airfields pushed back the marshes. Fighting against darkness and blizzard, the Soviet builders laid out wide streets and red-brick flats, hospitals and hotels, schools and cinemas.

Lapp reindeer herders rubbed shoulders with Red scientists who tried out the soil. Pasture appeared where none had been thought possible. Furs sent to New York "capitalists" raised funds for the communists.

A whole population moved in. From 5,000 the census soared to 150,000!

Three thousand tons of British machinery, American cotton and Spitzbergen coal flowed into the port all through the year. When the winter was harder than usual triumphant new ice-breakers kept the lanes clear.

Light work

A double-tracked railway wasn't enough. American engineers were called in and, backed by 130,000 workers, they drove the White Sea Canal inside two years to the shores of Lake Ladoga.

Now all the richness of the North voyaged down to the capital. Timber, furs, naphthalene, the finest iron ores.

Strange new metals, too, came from the strange new world. Titanium, vanadium, molybdenum. Then, as the sinews of war poured north, the 1,000-foot granite cliffs bristled with guns. Barracks and naval stores, submarine basins and the first of a chain of radio weather observatories gave a clue to the Arctic enigma.

Underground Riches

In Petsamo, at the time of the Finnish war, it was said that the heaviest land batteries in the U.S.S.R. were in position at Murmansk, that the estuary was heavily-mined, that one-fifth of the Soviet Navy lay in wait.

Murmansk is the symbol of Russia's expanding Arctic frontier, an economic stronghold remote from the mad wolves of Germany.

But neither her fortress nor her anchorage, her wharves or her rail sidings really explain why Vassily Natchka and millions of other Russians believe that Murmansk may beat Hitler.

Nor is it her sudden new supremacy as No. 1 gateway of Allied supplies.

The real reason lies underground.

Under their feet in the Murmansk area the Soviet scientists found the world's largest deposits of apatite—960,000,000 tons of it. Now apatite is rich in phosphate fertiliser—and before the war Russia had to import her phosphates.

Can you conceive Russia's possible plight to-day if all phosphate had to come in ships? Instead, from the Arctic wastes, there has come this ancient magic of apatite to raise food for the whole of Russia.

And Hitler did not know Murmansk's precious secret when he wrote *Mein Kampf*. There are others he still has to find out.

DON'T FORGET YOURS

THE salvage drive must not slacken. Every scrap of paper saved is of vital importance in the war effort.

On another page Mr. A. G. Gardiner tells you how pressing the problem of shipping has become.

Remember that when you are saving paper you are helping to save ships Every ton of paper repulped releases space for more vital war cargoes.

Everyone can do something. Start a systematic tour of the house, turning out cupboards, drawers, boxes and handbags. You will be amazed at the quantity of waste paper or cardboard that will come to light.

Old postcards, cigarette cards, paper patterns, golf score cards, catalogues, directories, receipts, invitation cards, scrap-books.

Perhaps you have been through the house already and think there is nothing left to salvage.

Well, just apply a simple test. Select one room at random and go over it again. You will be surprised to find what you missed before or how much has accumulated since your last comb-out.

Finally, keep your eyes open when travelling to and fro, and if you see evidence of any waste by local authorities or members of the public let us know.

While we cannot undertake to answer letters, we will pass the complaints on to the proper officials so that action may be taken.

"Tell me, doctor . . .

. . . . why do some wounds heal quite quickly, and others seem to take so long?"

Wounds heal naturally and quickly only if they are kept clean and free from the germs of septic infection. To keep wounds in a healthy condition for safe and rapid healing, surgeons everywhere use 'Dettol'. This ruthless destroyer of germs is entirely non-poisonous and non-corrosive.

This means that whilst it thoroughly disinfects a wound, 'Dettol' leaves living tissue unharmed to begin the processes of natural repair. And so it not only protects the body from the menace of septic complications, but permits safe, rapid healing.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Trade Mark

LAST LAUGH

F. R. (Barmouth). — "When learning to swim at Folkestone some years ago I swallowed large quantities of sea water." Onlookers probably got the impression that you were making the first attempt to drink the Channel.

E. M. (Norwich).—"Essen and Gelsenkirchen are really one." Hardly that, now.

D. H. (Clacton).—"The little girl next door thumps out one tune on the piano for hours and I can't help wishing she would go somewhere." Deep in the heart of Texas?

G. O. (Sanderstead).—"Rome Radio referred to an admiral who refused to take sick leave to obtain medical advice." But he probably knew best. His doctor might have prescribed an ocean voyage.

T. L. (Horley).—"She keeps lizards as pets. This seems to me a useless sort of hobby." Oh, we don't know. A few in the room when she has a cocktail party would give guests the impression that the drinks were very potent.

V. B. (Bridlington). — "What, after all, is a bachelor?" Well, a quick definition is that he is a man who has some current clothing coupons left.

P. N. (Colindale).—"I told the landlady that the room she offered me was more like a prison cell, and she was very rude." We suppose she said it all depended on what you were accustomed to.

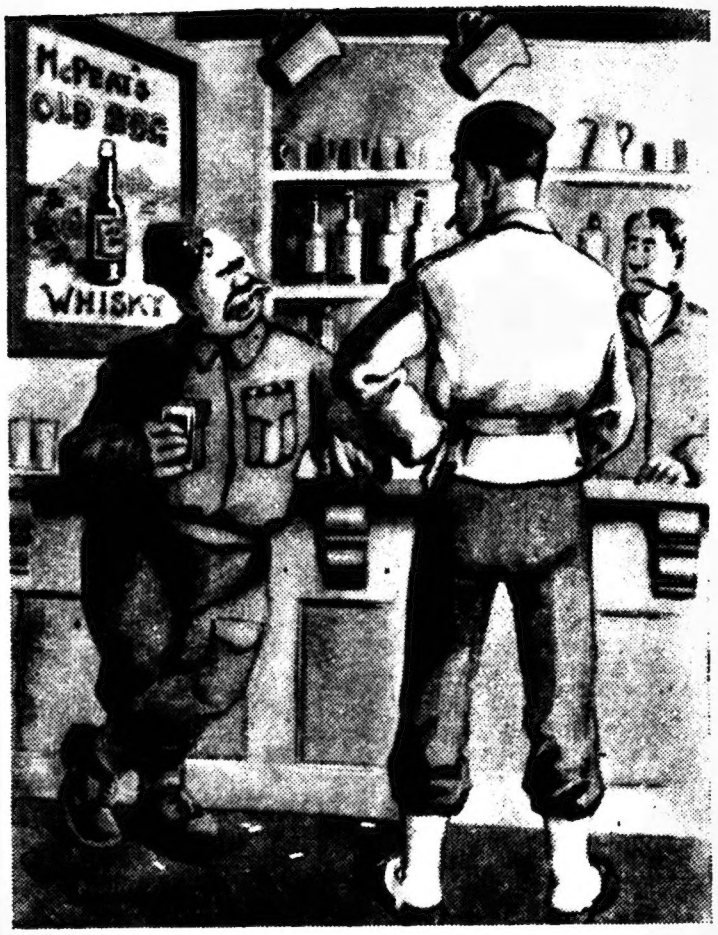
S. K (Isleworth). — "After another year of war, what will a shilling be worth?" About five cigarettes, we should imagine.

J. Y. (Hampstead).—"I am a bank clerk and my hobby has always been refereeing at boxing matches. Just recently I officiated at a policemen's tournament." Well, you should be used to counting out the coppers.

W. A. (Nuneaton).—"The Germans announce that a Bremen citizen charged with looting was tried, found not guilty and set free." That is, as free as it is possible to be in the Reich.

B. I. (East Coast).—"On a recent leave which I spent on the river I found that the secret of punting is to hold the pole lightly with the fingers." And to hold the punt firmly with the feet.

SERGEANT (Essex).—"The man complains of raging toothache and certainly has a swollen face, but I think somehow he is malingering." Perhaps he reports sick with his tongue in his cheek.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, take just one difficulty about a second front! With all this 'ere shippin' shortage, 'ow the 'ell are we to get the beer there?

Side-Slips

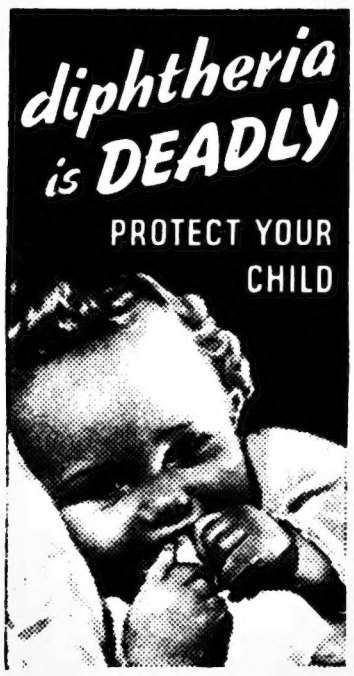
ABERDEEN PRESS AND JOURNAL:—"Tea was followed by a variety CONVERT, sustained by members of the Home Guard and others, and a dance.

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—". . . they took the FOX for firewood and did not think it was of value."

EVENING GAZETTE: — "The MINISTER is undamaged, and the loss of life is not believed to be serious. . . ."

CAERNARVON AND DENBIGH HERALD:—"The magistrates' clerk: Do they issue travelling warrants for 48 YEARS' leave?"

THE WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—". . . pushed back his jacket and showed a BARGE which looked like a police badge. . . ."



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Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

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GREATEST OF THESE

● "I was called to the Colours on September 30, 1940, as a Grade 1 man; on June 13, 1941, I was discharged as permanently unfit for any military service," writes Bert Phillips.

This unfortunate man now suffers from epileptic fits, and in consequence finds it impossible to keep in work for any length of time. He is married, with a wife and two small children to keep. His wife is in poor health and receiving hospital treatment.

Recently he has been confined to bed for some weeks; and the children have been ill. The parents are at a complete loss how to pay the doctor's bill and keep their rent up to date.

Donations to help this sorely tried man should be earmarked "Seizure," or for our General Fund, and posted to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses—these are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,330

FIRST PRIZE £50

Mrs. W. Bagrie, 7, Lawrie Street, Partick, Glasgow, for this "Bullet":

IN BRITAIN TO-DAY

WAR IMPROVING OUR "QUALITY"

£20: L. Gittleman, 21, Oak Rd., Leeds.
Second Front—Is "Slipping" Shipping "Tripping"?

£10: A. Beattie, 36, Ladybridge St., Arbroath, Angus.
In Britain To-day—Even Bread's "In Khaki"!

£5: W. Whitley, c/o E. Greenway, Burleigh Cottage, Long Handborough, Oxford.
Picture Of Dinghy—Stopped Me Wasting Rubber

£4: R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
He's A Breakfast, So—All Dash? All Hyphenated!

£3: Mrs. R. A. Tennant, 1, Gib Lane, Blackburn.
In Britain To-day—Holding Fort—Forgoing "Fortnight."

£2: E. Smith, 22, Felton Ave., Sutton.
Second Front—Gossip Makes Second Dunkirk

10s.: A. J. Loughlin, 43, Douglas Rd., Worsley, Manchester.
When It Comes To Gardening—"Things Up." *Saving* **Money.**

10s.: H. L. Bird, 70, St. Albans Rd., Smethwick.
Department v. Department—"Tug" *Beating* **Production's "Ship."**

10s.: Mrs. Duxbury, 14, Ravens Grove, Scout Hill, Dewsbury.
When It Comes To Scrapping—Heavyweights Disappoint—And Battleships.

10s.: S. Dudley, 9, Rhos St., Ruthin, Denbighs.
In Britain To-day—Pressing Forwards Towards "Push."

10s.: Mrs. K. Barraclough, 20, Woodlands Grove, Cottingley, Bingley, Yorks.
He's A Breakfast, So—Nuts Restore Brotherly Look!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

9 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 282

WINNING WORDS: 1. Ace. 2. Doped. 3. Lean. 4. Fan. 5. Cane. 6. Rose. 7. Ram. 8. Warm. 9. Rain. 10. Cert. 11. Post. 12. Cob. 13. Stags. 14. Blow.

£100 SHARERS: Sto. R. Atkins, c/o G.P.O., London; F. D. Beare, 46, Winchester St., Andover; Mrs. M. Beer, 1, Clinton Ave., Exeter; M. Debelin, 4, Priory Rd., Gillingham; Cpl. V. J. Enright, Somewhere-in-Britain; Miss E. Holdsworth, 17, Duke St., Elland; C. W. Laverick, 31, Eastlea Ave., Bishop Auckland; Mrs. B. Oakford, 23, Greenfield Dr., Coalville; J. R. Watson, 31, Avondale Rd., Chesterfield.

Awards value £25 shared between 60 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

FOOD FACTS

FOOD WITHOUT FUEL

Do you know that you can save fuel if all cheese dishes made for every member of the family include plenty of vegetables? That's good Shopping-Time news. All cheese goes well with other uncooked foods and needs no cooking whatever. It's good fuel-saving news too, because even when you want to make a hot savoury dish, it needs very little cooking. Cheese is an all-rounder. Weight for weight it gives you as much body-building material as meat. It's also a good source of energy and a splendid protective food. Give cheese to the children. It will make their bones and teeth hard and strong. They won't find it indigestible, especially if you serve it grated and mixed with salad. Make the most of your precious cheese ration by using it as much as you can as often as you can.

CHEESE SPREAD

Cheese spreads, delicious and nourishing, need ingredients. Leftovers and pastes of cooked cheese remain. Grated cheese. Flour of dry mustard. Mustard. Mash bones of pastes, mix well with grated cheese and dry mustard. This can be spread directly on bread, buns or sandwiches, being savoury. To make the sandwiches a perfect meal, have shredded cabbage, spinach, or sliced tomatoes, or with chopped parsley mixed by adding.

QUICK WELSH RABBIT

Time: Cooking 4 minutes. *Ingredients:* 4 slices of bread, 4 tablespoonfuls chutney, or tomato sauce, or pickle, 4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Toast the bread on both sides. Spread with chutney, sauce or pickle. Cover with grated cheese. Place under grill till golden brown. Eat with a hot vegetable salad.

GOOD WAYS WITH CHEESE

1 Try serving vegetables with a cheese sauce for supper.

2 A spoonful of grated cheese improves vegetable soup. It makes a 'meal' to a vegetable pie.

3 Use cheese sauce in place of jam for filling tarts.

STORING CHEESE

Some of the present cheese is rather moist and may grow mouldy easily unless kept cool and dry.

Wrap the cheese in a margarine or butter paper and keep in a breadbin or piece of muslin in a cool dry place.

CHEESE SALAD

Ingredients: 4 oz. grated cheese, 4 large lettuce leaves, 1 bunch radishes, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, half medium cabbage (shredded raw) or 4 lettuce, 2 tomatoes (if available), watercress. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Wash and prepare the salad ingredients. Arrange 4 large lettuce leaves in an open dish. Place a little of the prepared vegetables and cheese on each leaf. Decorate with sprigs of watercress and sprinkle generously with chopped parsley. Prepare your salad just before serving.

FOOD FACTS No. 104. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

My chemist recommended PHOSFERINE

"Everyone should carry it" says C.S.D.

"I had a serious shock" says C.S.D. "The following day my nerves went all to edge and I said to my chemist. He recommended Phosferine. After the first dose my nerves were relieved of the strain. Not only next day relieved but the one dose was all that was necessary to provide me with restored nerve power. I firmly believe that everyone should carry Phosferine with them."

General health responds very quickly to this really good tonic. Ask your chemist for Phosferine today!

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID.

1/4 (Gt. 1 size) and 2/3 (Gt. 2 size) (including Purchase Tax).

Two Tablets equal 20 drops of Liquid. The 2/3 size is economically cheaper than the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for XWORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards, value £28 between Runners-up. Full results of Awards No. 203, see page 14. To win in this week's Competitions, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
MONEY MAY COME TO REGRET HAVING DEVOURED THIS	C R B			
SOME PEOPLE HAVE A RESTING-PLACE TO LAND ONE	S O F			
ONE MUST STRIVE TO WARN OF EMINENT ABODE	S O U T			
ONE EXTRAORDINARY GIRTH FOR OUT OF DOORS TIES	A D			
BE UP-TO-DATE REGARDS THIS OF HOUSES NOT TO ENJOY	T O L			
ONE EXPENSIVE EXPENSIVE PASSAGE TO EXCLUSIVE HOME	B C E			
IT'S HARD THESE PREVENTIVE JOKE FELLOWS DRINK THIS	A M C			
LEARNED OFF ONE YESTERDAY, QUITE FORMALLY EARNED CHEER	C A T			
CONSTITUENT A SPIRITUALLY DRINK	F E			
GIVEN CHARACTER TO HUMAN ENGLAND	H D C F			
GREAT SUPPLIES TIRED TO MAKE PEOPLE	G S A			
SOME TRADITIONAL CHEMICALS GET INTO WAY OF LITTLE ABOUT ONE	H C S E			
GOOD ONE DOESN'T STRAIN	E S T			
WISE FARMERS WILL SHOOT THE SHRUB TO SPARE YOUNGSTER THIS	R D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 6.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JULY 27

Signed .....

Address.....

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —one entry fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie for ties. Awards value £28 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 9d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed A/c Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 10 @ £5, 20 @ £2, 40 @ £1, 40 @ 10s., 30 @ 5s., 20 @ 2s. 6d., 20 @ 2s., 30 @ 1s., 20 @ 10d., 20 @ 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Aug. 7. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,334th Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

GENERAL WINSTON
WORLD AT WAR
GOING INTO BATTLE
HENCEFORTH
PLAIN SAILING
LIKE A MIRAGE
HIDING THE TRUTH
OLD SCHOOL TIE
WHY HE WAS SACKED
FIRST SHOT
NEEDS MORE
ECONOMY CAMPAIGN
PRAISE INDEED
LIKE HITLER
GOING FULL BLAST
TO STOP THE LEAKAGE
WIFEY'S A SPITFIRE, BUT
VICTORY MEANS EVERYTHING, SO
OUT WENT THE LIGHT AND
MENACE TO THE NATION

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

RUSSIA'S .....
THOUSANDS OF .....
NOTHING TO.....
CHANCE FOR THE .....
TRYING TO GET .....
BETTER THAN .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated August 6.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,334 Monday, July 27.

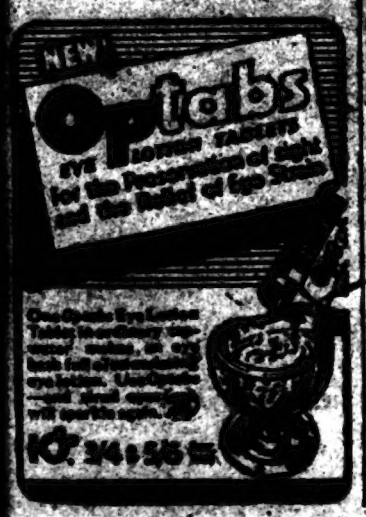
Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,334—or Xword No. 206, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).



FALSE TEETH and hips economy

Artificial teeth can only effectively replace natural ones as long as they fit absolutely perfectly. To persist in wearing a loose denture which causes discomfort and embarrassment is false economy because the trouble can so easily be overcome. KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, for making false teeth fit firmly, will hold it securely in position for many hours, giving confidence and proper mastication. Recommended by Doctors. Handy size 1/3d. large "Economy" size 2/6d. from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Is NOT Soluble in Foodstuffs Tea and is NOT restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Act.

Why not Be SLIM and Attractive

YOU, too, can have that attractive figure, you, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health with the aid of Bile Beans.

Acting gently and naturally, Bile Beans tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily remove all fat-forming residue. Thus Bile Beans improve your health and vitality and bring slim youthful lines. Start to-night with Bile Beans.

You Can With Mightly BILE BEANS

ONE must do— the work of TWO

A WAR-TIME NECESSITY

The Government order that the supply of all Floor and Furniture Polish must be reduced by half means that every tin of Mansion Polish must last twice as long. So use sparingly and less frequently.

MP/PM/ Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

FATIGUED? – No Sir!

If this present weather makes you feel fatigued and headachy, try some Beecham's Powders. Believe me, they're good! They allay the pain and give you just that 'lift' you need.

Beecham's Powders are a fine remedy for Nervous Headaches, Summer Colds and Chills, Hay Fever, Rheumatic Twinges and Neuralgia. QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results because of their special powder form. They are a splendid pick-me-up.

Price in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Carton of Powders 1/-. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

WHEN KISSES CHANGE TO DUTY PECKS..

. . . it's time to look to your breath. Bad breath can menace the happiest marriage — and . even *YOU* may have it. Play safe. Use Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.

TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth .. helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

You can see for yourself how Colgate's brightens your teeth, giving you a more attractive, more sparkling smile! You will enjoy its flavour. It's such a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath.

YOU'LL LOVE COLGATE'S THRILLING MAKE-UP FLAVOUR TOO!

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE 2/2 *Including Tax*

I Shall Never Be Without Yeast-Vite Tablets

WHILE I HAVE 1/4 IN MY POCKET

Sheffield, May 18th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to thank you for the wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets you have put on the market.

I have just begun to get over a serious illness, and decided to give these tablets a fair trial, and since I first started taking them I began to get relief. So I think it is the least I can do to write and express my gratefulness and gratitude I feel I owe to you.

I feel proud of your tablets as they are manufactured in my home county, and if you care to publish this I shall be very pleased, and I shall never be without your Yeast-Vite tablets while I have 1/4 in my pocket to buy them.

I wish to recommend them to anyone, and I shall always tell my friends and relations about the wonderful value and the relief I have obtained from them.

Thanking your firm from the bottom of my heart.

(Sgd.) Gunner F.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax, 'Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will— HEAL IT -Clean!

Dear Sirs,

My little girl was suffering from Eczema all over her face. I feared she would lose the sight of her right eye, the rash spreading so badly even to both ears. I decided to try GERMOLENE. In less than three weeks the trouble disappeared.

Mrs. E. J.

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Heat Rash, Sunburn, Insect Bites, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation immediately.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin.

INDIGESTION Relieved Instantly

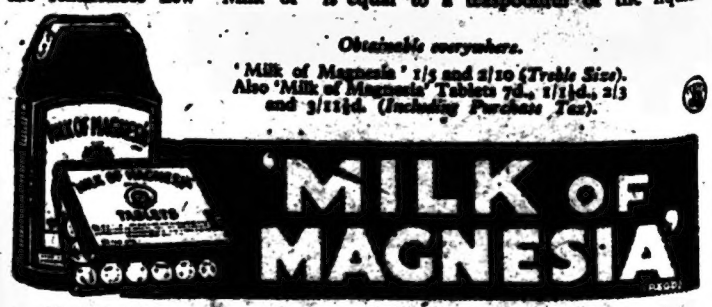
'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell. For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous — instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*).



'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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